NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1874. | VOLUME XXI.—No. 47. Price Ten Cents.

ALONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

[The following lines are by Harry McHale, actor, now incarcerated in Monroe County Jail, Rochester, N. Y., for shooting his wife's (Emma Stone) alleged paramour.]

My soul is sick and lone—
No social ties its love entwine;
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine:
For though the sunlight bright may shine,
It shows no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship's shrine—
I am alone—I am alone.

It is no joy for me
To mark the fond and eager meeting
Of those long lost, returned; and see
The love-lit eyes speak out their greeting;
For then a stilly voice repeating,
What oft hath made its deepest moan,
Startles my heart and stays it beating—
I am alone—I am alone.

Why hath my soul been given
A zeal to soar at higher things
Than quiet rest, to seek a Heaven,
And fall with scathed heart and wings?
Have I been blest? The wild wind sings
'Tween me and all that was mine own.
I found the grief the false one brings,
And live alone—and live alone.

And such shall be my day
Of life—unfriended, cold, and dead;
My hope shall slowly wear away,
As all my young affections fled;
No kindred hand shall grace my head
When life's last flickering light is gone;
But I shall find a silent bed,
And die alone—and die alone.

Monroe Co. Jail, Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 3.

BELLE MONTAGUE;

OR,

THE "LADY" AND THE "ACTRESS."

A STORY OF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER VII.

I smell it.
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.
SHAKESPEARE.

"What is it, Mr. Tubbs?—what is the matter?" asked Mr. Montague, in his off-the-stage, low voice, as, entering the green-room, he found that part of the theatre in a sad uproar and confusion.

The centre of a group composed of ballet girls, imps, spirits of the deep, the Pirate's band and a miscellaneous collection of carpenters, all talking at once and to no purpose, stood Mr. Tubbs venting his wrongs. He stopped abruptly as Mr. Montague's gentlemanly figure appeared, and he turned from the crowd to answer him—that is, if the Babel would let him.

"Matter, sir? I should think it's enough to make a man's hair stand on end: it's too bad for slaves, it's—it's unworthy the endurance of a Briton, sir; 'pon my life, if it wasn't for the respect I bear this establishment, sir ——"

"Never mind all that, Tubbs," said Mr. Montague mildly, foreseeing that unless a line were drawn at an early stage of Mr. Tubb's eloquence he, Mr. Montague, should barely be able to don his Pirate's costume in time for the first scene. "Never mind all that, but tell me what is amiss."

"Look here," said Mr. Tubbs, in deeply indignant tones. "Do you call that proper treatment for a respectable low comedian?"

And with indignant scorn he held out a wig—the wig of the character—torn down the back, very much bedraggled, and altogether a sadly wrecked and dilapidated piece of ornamentation.

"Well," said Mr. Montague, "dear me, what have you done to your wig, Mr. Tubbs?"

"Done to it! Me done to it! Nothing, except take care of it, sir. Look at that wig, sir; take it in your hand and tell me, sir, if you ever knew such a shameful piece of business. And there's none here as will act like Britons and tell me what mean blackguard did it."

Here a chorus—not as musical as the Greek ones—broke in and commenced informing him in fifty different voices of fifty different causes of the accident.

"Hold your tongues!" roared Mr. Tubbs. "Why, you're worse than the gallery when it's got the contraries. Can't one of you tell me who did it? My only wig, too," he continued, turning it round mournfully. "This wig, sir, has always fetched a laugh; it was the hit of the farce, sir; and now—why, they will hiss me off the stage. Now, then, which of you's going to tell me who did it?"

All the voices commenced again, but ceased suddenly as Mr. Anderson, the stage-manager, came in. The silence was so eloquent that Mr. Tubbs glared significantly first at the wig and then at Mr. Anderson.

"Oh," said he, pushing out his head and winking both eyes angrily, "that's it, is it? Oh, that's the last gentlemanly way to pay me a grudge, is it? That's the proper thing, is it, to ruin a man's wig and try and spoil him before the house? Now, you look here," he continued, walking up to Anderson, who had stood still during this half-audible soliloquy, but on seeing Tubbs approach, wig in hand, turned round sharply and made the ballet girls go and dress, and requested to be informed why the deuce that first scene was not being set. "Now, you look here at this wig, Mr. Anderson, will you?" said Tubbs.

"Well, a pretty thing too. I hope you don't think of going on in that?" said the stage-manager, eyeing the ruined article with a certain amount of embarrassment.

"Oh, you think it's pretty well done for, do you? Disgraceful, eh? So do I. And now I'll tell you what," and his large eyes expanded ruefully, "I'm not going on at all till the cad who knocked this up for me has begged my pardon as like a gentleman as he can be."

"Oh," said Mr. Anderson, with a sneer, "that's to be it, eh? Well, better inform the manager. I dare say he'll be dreadfully cut up at Mr. Tubbs' breaking his engagement. There are no more low comedians to be had now; oh, no!"

And he turned away. Mr. Tubbs turned purple for a moment, then crimson. He saw that Mr. Anderson had got the better of him anyway, and with a swift movement he rolled the injured wig up into a ball and threw it in the stage-manager's face.

"There," said the little man, "you cut my wig up, you mean blackguard, and you shall have it."

Anderson was a fearfully passionate man, as well as a disagreeable one. As the wig struck him lightly, he turned round and made one bound for the comedian, seized him by the collar, and, amidst the shrieks of the ballet girls and the remonstrances of the men, about to strike him with one of the torches he had seized from the table. But Mr. Tubbs, though small, was valiant. Thrusting up his arm as a guard, he hit out the other hand straight and swiftly, and Mr. Anderson received anything but a gentle pat upon the right eye.

In a moment the fiend in him leapt up at this fresh blow, and by sheer superiority of length he threw Mr. Tubbs upon the floor. What he would have proceeded to have done next this chronicle can say not, for at that moment Miss Montague ran in, and with a white face stood before him and caught his arm.

A thrill ran through the small circle at her appearance, for they saw little of her usually, and a murmur of approval followed as, with a heightened color, she turned an accusing face to Anderson and said, in low but distinct accents:

"For shame! You forget yourself, sir!"

It was a sharp rebuke, and the man to whom it was administered felt it stingingly. He loved the lips that uttered it, and would have given half his years to have won from the eyes, flashing so scornfully, one soft, kindly glance.

His face was disordered by passion and jealousy, and for a moment he was silent; then, as Tubbs got up, looking very shamefaced and muttering the most abject apologies and excuses to Miss Montague, he said hoarsely:

"Ah, I ought to be ashamed of myself; you jump to his side directly; it is I who am to blame, of course, in your eyes. But who struck the first blow. Ask him that."

And with a look of scorn and hate at the now humbled Mr. Tubbs he strode off. Mary looked with sorrowful reproach at Mr. Tubbs and murmured:

"Oh, how could you, so sadly that the low comedian felt very much like crying; and, to save himself from some such a breakdown, limped off—he had hurt his leg in the scuffle.

Mary, without a glance at the spectators, left the room quickly and entered her own dressing-room. Having reached that sanctuary, her feelings found vent, as most women's strong emotions do, in tears. And yet she would have found it hard to explain why she wept.

Though gentle, Mary Montague was not a foolish, deer-like maiden, and it must be confessed that a fortnight ago she would have hurried away from the scene just portrayed with a sigh, perhaps, but without all the intense feeling of shame which now filled her bosom.

Small things as well as great ones spring from small causes. Mary's unhappiness sprang from such a small thing as an elegantly-dressed gentleman, with a handsome face and clear, ready-meeting eyes, who had chosen to haunt the theatre and bestow expensive bouquets by proxy.

Mary had told her father on the first night of her entree to the theatrical world that she felt no qualms, no regrets. She could not have said so now, for within her breast she felt as ashamed that she should be connected with the creatures who could so conduct themselves, as for the conduct itself.

What a gulf yawned between the handsome aristocrat, whose eyes were always worshiping her from the private-box, and her, the peacemaker of a green-room squabble. She sighed, and that sigh was echoed by the maid who had come to dress her, for it is a difficult thing to affix gauze wings and arrange the hair of a fairy who hangs her head when she should lift it up, and sighs at her fate when she should be casting self-admiring glances at the mirror.

"Would you mind sitting a little round, Miss Montague?" said the patient dresser, and Miss Montague, with a reproachful start, did as she was requested, saying with a sigh:

"I am giving you a deal of trouble, Miss Morris, but I will sit still now. Will that do?"

"Thank you, miss; don't you mention it," said the dresser. "Won't you have any powder, miss?"

"No, no powder," said Mary, and, in truth, she was quite pale enough.

Away went the dresser and Mary, wand in hand, sat awaiting her call. Presently a tap came to the door, and opening it she saw her father, dressed as the Pirate, standing there.

"Mary, my dear," he said, wiping his brow and looking anxious, "what has happened in the green-room? I left as Mr. Anderson came in, and—and—something seems to have put him out."

She colored faintly.

"Don't look so anxious, dear," she said, laying her hand upon his arm. "It was nothing to trouble about. Mr. Tubbs and he were—were quarreling, and I—well, I parted them. Oh, papa, is it not a shame?" and the tears were ready to fall again.

"Er—er——" He hesitated, coloring with her. "O my Mary, Mary! this is no place for you."

"Hush," she said hurriedly. "We are never to think of that any more, dear. But how tired you look. Ah, there is something else. What did you come to say to me dear?"

"I—nothing—that is, Mary, that gentleman is at the wings again."

"Well?" she asked, stooping to arrange the folds of her dress.

"Well," he said, then stopped. Her face was bent down, and did not, as it usually did, help him.

"Mary," he said suddenly, "don't go on from this side to-night, my darling; it doesn't matter, pass round."

"Yes, dear," she said obediently. "But why——"

"I can't stop," he said hurriedly. "There's the call. Mind, the other side."

She looked after him and sighed. Poor, weak, loving heart! he could not even trust her, the life of his life and the stay of his existence. With a tiny little feeling of disappointment at her heart, when her name was called she passed round and entered the stage from the opposite side.

But circumstances are capricious sometimes, and it happened that Mr. Montague's precautions were thrown away. Five minutes before the fairy's entrance the gentleman who was so much to be shunned had an attack of love-nervousness; and to avoid the lady whom he had driven some miles to meet, he crossed round from the side which she usually passed, and so was actually brushed by her dress at the opposite wings.

His eyes brightened and he smiled. Not so those of the Spirit of the Deep, for as the Fairy Queen approached him his face darkened and his eyes sparkled angrily.

"What did you come from this side for?" he muttered under his breath, and Mary faltered a moment in her opening speech, looked back towards the wing, and, seeing for the first time the handsome face there, colored brightly.

At this fresh sign Anderson's face darkened still more, and his jealousy almost stopped his utterance.

"Speak up!" shouted the gallery. "Speak up!"

He muttered an oath and did speak up, with such a passionate, savage tone that the pit applauded noisily and the young girl at his side shrank a little away, and when her part was done ran with a scared look to her room. Anderson strode off and walked straight up to the place where Jack had been standing.

"I'll have no hangers-about here," he muttered wrathfully. "If she wants any of her fine gentlemen, let her dangle them at her apron-strings outside or at home."

But, though thoroughly fired up with angry jealousy, when he found himself face to face with the highbred aristocrat he quailed and quieted beneath his calm, tranquil gaze, and muttering a surly "Good-evening" to Jack's pleasant, open-hearted salutation, took off, bullying the carpenters and imps as he went.

Jack mingled with the many-colored crowd, and moving with them found himself at the other side again and looking at the house. Presently a voice—Mr. Montague's—spoke just at his ear, in answer to a question of one of the actors.

"I do not know, I am sure. Mr. Anderson could tell you, perhaps. Kept the curtains carefully closed, eh? Ah, just so; person of distinction, no doubt. I hear the 'Pirate's Gorge' has caused some sensation even in the West," and with a modest cough the Pirate looked up mildly at the private box with the closed curtains. Jack turned and held out his hand.

"Good-evening," he said. "I am here in the mimic world again, you see."

"Yes, sir," said Montague, but coldly, "I see you are. I have noticed you in the front several times lately."

Jack nodded candidly.

"Yes," he said, with something like a sigh, "I am fond of the theatres."

"Of one theatre," corrected Mr. Montague, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Well, of one," said Jack, pained at the old man's suspicions, yet ready to acknowledge that, though unfounded, they were excusable. "Yes, I am fond of the Signet. I could see the extravaganza a hundred times, and the 'Pirate's Gorge' too. But I am here to-night for a double purpose; to make restitution——"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Montague —— "Ah, Jones, that is a lady in the box yonder. I thought it would be. I saw the edge of her dress."

"Indeed, sir?" said Jones eagerly. "Don't know who she is. The duchess, perhaps, or Lady Twittleton. Signet's looking up, Mr. Montague."

Jack mentally hit his irregardless to the Pirate.

"Thank you," said Mr. Montague with a simple bow; "I am curious to see the occupant of that box. Did you notice her when you came in?"

"I came in," said Jack, "by the stage entrance. I want to return to Miss Mon——"

"Mr. Montague," announced someone, "Miss Montague wishes to speak to you," and Mr. Montague, with a hurried excuse, hastened away. Jack sighed. "This handkerchief has a fatality with it. It seems we are not to part unless I break the charm by returning it to the hands of its rightful owner."

Presently the rightful owner came tripping along. He stepped back to let her pass, and bowed with as much respect as that with which he would have saluted a duchess.

The fairy shot a shy glance at him and just inclined her head. An imp rushed by and knocked her wand from her hand. Jack stooped, recovered it, and handed it to her.

"I have something else belonging to you," he said. "May I return it when you come back?"

"Yes," she said faintly, and, with a blush, ran on the stage.

Jack turned, his heart beating, but his face calm, and confronted Mr. Anderson.

"I hope I am not in your way?" he said.

"No; oh, no," replied Anderson, meaning "Yes, very much," and followed the Fairy Queen on.

Jack took up his position at the wing again and waited impatiently till Miss Montague came off which she did presently, looking timidly before her and stopping at his side for that possession of hers he had mentioned.

Jack took the handkerchief from his pocket and held it out half reluctantly.

"This is it," he said. "Not very valuable, but he who values it commits a sin, you know, and ——"

"Thank you," she said, taking it with evident embarrassment; "I missed it, but did not know that I had dropped it in the theatre. It was very kind of you to come on purpose to return it."

"And yet," said Jack, "you are angry with me for coming."

He spoke so respectfully, with such a touch of earnestness in his voice, that was dangerously musical also, that Mary Montague felt she must answer.

"No, not angry," she said, keeping her eyes down, "but—no, not angry."

"You make me almost happy," said Jack. "Will you not take the 'but' away? You avoided me the other night. Are you afraid of me?"

"I ——" she stopped and looked around.

"You have a cause," said Jack, hurrying on and feeling the embarrassment of the position. "Miss Montague, you will forgive me if I seem presumptuous, even rude, but I have for you nothing but good will and respect. If I sought to do him you love best in the world a service, would you refuse to help me because you know nothing of me more than that I am a stranger and forward enough to speak to you now?"

It was a strange speech, but to Mary, spoken in the gentle, musical and reverential voice, it was sweet. She raised her fine, thoughtful eyes and examined his face.

"You would help my father?" she asked gently. "How?"

"By placing him in a position where his talents would be recognized," said Jack eagerly. "Miss Montague, I have some influence. I can exert it in his behalf, but I cannot do so unless you will help and trust me."

She looked at him again and sighed.

"I will trust you," she said. "Your face looks kind, your voice sounds true, and you say you can help my dear father. Oh, sir ——"

She stopped, and Jack, his whole attitude one of reverential attention, turned to follow her glance towards the green-room.

"He is so tired, so weary of this life; it hurts him, it is killing him. Look where he stands there, poor dear! how tired he looks. If you can help him to get away from it, to rest quietly ——"

She stopped suddenly and put her hand to her bosom. There was a sob choking there. Jack's lips trembled. He was unused to feminine emotion. The creed of his set was "Die and speak not." This stifled outburst moved him.

"Hush!" he said. "I—I am very sorry—I did not mean to—pray do not cry, I shall never forgive myself. But you, yourself, do you dislike this life? Are you weary and tired of it, and do not you long for quiet and rest?"

A wishful smile crossed her fair face for a moment, but it had melted into a calm one of resignation as she looked up into his.

"I do not mind for myself," she replied, "only for him—only for him. But you do not know him. Why ——"

He caught up the thread with a heightened color.

"Why do I interest myself? you would ask. May I reply truthfully?"

"Yes, if at all," she said, in a low voice.

"Then, because he is your father, Miss Montague. Do not look so alarmed. I implore you. You said I was to speak truthfully, and indeed I should have done so in any case. You think I am wrong in coming here night after night to get a word with you, but you do not think it wicked to love the flowers—I saw you kiss them the other night."

She looked up in her startled embarrassment and said quickly:

"Your flowers. How could you be so deceitful, sir!"

"Because I would not offend you," he said boldly. "You would not have picked them up if I had thrown them, but you kissed them when they came from a child."

She nodded.

"You must never throw me any more," she said quickly, but with a touch of sadness.

"Why not?" he said, but added quickly: "I will not if you do not wish it, if you will only say you forgive me for throwing those."

"I forgive you," she said, "if there is anything to forgive. And father—you will help him? Can I trust you, sir? Forgive me, but it seems so strange, so untrue, that you, a ——"

"Stranger," he said.

"A stranger," she continued, "should be so kind. I cannot understand it."

"Nor I," he said, almost woefully. "Do not let us try. Enough that I feel I could go to the end of the world for you—you believe me, I know—and that you will let me show how much you trust me by helping your father."

She looked at him and sighed.

"Am I doing wrong?" she said, half audibly.

"No," he said stoutly. "And now tell me, where is your home?"

She looked round at her father sitting in a chair with his tired, weary face turned towards the fire in the green-room, and replied, in a low voice:

"In Harlaph street."

Jack rep ated it eagerly.

"I shall not forget it," he said; "and now will you show your trust in me still further?"

"In what way?" she asked timidly.

"By allowing me to send you home in my cab. I can walk," he continued eagerly, as she shook her head. "I am younger, stronger than he is. Pray let me—it is not much to grant, and it would make me so happy."

Before she could reply the call-boy cried her name. She started and turned from him to the triumphal car in which she ascended to the realms of bliss. Jack walked over to Mr. Montague and laid his hand on his shoulder. The old man started, and turned his face up, and Jack saw that the daughter had spoken truly when she called it a weary, tired one.

"I have taken the liberty of placing my cab at your disposal to-night, sir: you are tired, I can see, and no wonder, for your part is a heavy one. You will not refuse me?"

Mr. Montague looked at him for a moment in silence. The tired eyes met his unflinchingly. The face looked incapable of falsehood.

"I thank you, sir," he said simply. "I do not know why you should put yourself out of the way for me and mine."

"Sir," said Jack as simply, "my father taught me to respect age."

At this speech, surely as unsophisticated a one as was ever heard behind the scenes of a theatre, Mr. Montague started. But, strange to say, not so much at the speech as at the voice.

"Er—er," he said, in his nervous way, scanning the young man's face keenly, "I accept, sir, and thank you. Er—will you tell me your name?"

"My name is Hamilton—John, though no one calls me so—Jack Hamilton."

Mr. Montague nodded with an air almost of disappointment.

"Hamilton," he repeated thoughtfully. "No, I know no one of the name of Hamilton."

The last burst of applause for the night announced that the curtain was down, and Mr. Montague ran with a flash of interest to meet his daughter. She came off with the Spirit of the Deep at her side, and blushed deeply as she saw Jack beside her father. Anderson pushed forward. "Clear the way, you fellows," he said, not with a great show of politeness; "make room for Mary to get to her dressing-room." Then he returned and stood hovering about Jack, who, if not unconscious of his presence, looked so.

Jack stood talking to Mr. Montague during the few minutes taken up by Mary in changing her fairy costume for one more suitable to the climate, and when she reappeared dressed in the utmost simplicity, fairy still, in dark brown and gray, he stood back and did not offer his arm, which he knew would have been refused for the well-beloved one of the old man's that he followed them, and when he reached the stage door called his cab.

"Snowing," he said, and with quiet self-possession put up an umbrella to shield them from the flickering flakes.

Mary, still clinging fast to her father's arm, gave him her right hand, and he helped her into the brougham, with his head uncovered. Then, giving the direction to the coachman, he lifted his hat and watched the vehicle as it rolled off noiselessly, for the snow was thick.

When he turned he saw that another brougham had been lingering in the street, and that Anderson, the stage-manager, was standing in the entrance watching him with angry and malicious eyes. He just glanced at him, buttoned up his coat, and walking with long strides homeward.

Directly the door was opened the young actor's face went livid, his clenched fist was raised and shaken after him, and a loud and audible curse burst from the jealous, writhing lips.

The ugly expression might have been seen very plainly from the occupant of the loitering brougham—perhaps it was, for the vehicle crossed suddenly, and stopped exactly opposite the stage-door. Anderson, who was about to re-enter the theatre, bowed angrily.

"Another confounded swell," he snarled; "the place is alive with them."

He stopped suddenly as the window was dropped, and a voice, a lady's, said, in high-bred accents:

"May I speak with you?"

Anderson came up to the carriage and raised his hat sullenly.

"Be good enough to walk to the end of the street," said the voice; "my coachman shall drive me down there."

Anderson, too astonished to reply verbally, walked down to the corner as he had been directed, and found a lady in black, with a thick veil over her face, standing in the snow waiting for him. Something about her figure, the turn of her head, told the man that he was looking upon high rank and hot-house breeding. He removed his hat, and, staring, kept it in his hand.

"Put your hat on, please," said the cold, clear voice. "I want to ask you a question or two, and if you answer me truthfully you shall not regret doing so."

"What do you want to know?" said Anderson, in a low voice, half sullen, half curious.

"First, the name of that man and person who drove off in the brougham which stood near mine?"

Anderson thought a moment, his anger rising a little at the designation of Miss Montague as a person.

"I must ask first," he said sullenly, "what you want to know it for, and what business it is of yours?"

"And a very reasonable question, my man," said the lady, with tones too indifferent to be contemptuous. "I am curious to know why a friend of mine, the owner of the brougham, should be so polite as to send an actress home in his cab and walk through the snow himself."

"Oh!" said Anderson, and a sneer flushed over his ill-tempered lips. "I understand. A friend of yours, is he? Then I don't envy you your acquaintances."

He stopped abruptly, for the lady with a gesture of disgust had looked round as if beckoning her carriage.

"I see," she said, with a sigh. "I was wrong to speak to you; I might have known I should have been insulted."

"Stop a moment," said Anderson, who saw his mistake. "Don't go yet, ma'am; I'm out of temper, been riled out of my life. Confound him! I'll tell you if you want to know."

"Well?" she said.

Anderson knew by the movement of her arm that she had drawn her purse from her pocket.

"That gentleman's name was Montague—Horatius Montague, and the young lady"—he laid a distinct emphasis upon the word "lady"—"is his daughter, Miss Annabelle or Mary Montague."

"I thought so," she mused; "I thought so. One more question. I saw you looking at that young person. If I mistake not, you were angry—shall I say jealous ——"

He burst out passionately and drowned her voice.

"You can say what you please," he said; "you can say I am jealous, if you like, and perhaps you wouldn't be far wrong. And now I'll ask you a question in my turn. I don't know who you are, stopping me in the middle of the night, a perfect stranger, and asking these rum questions" (he saw her wince, but was too much eaten up with spleen to enjoy it); "but I ask you if you had been idiot enough to grow fond of anyone, had counted upon him for months and months—I say, if you had made sure of him, wouldn't you be jealous if another woman came round him, making love to him, and deceiving him, and winding up by taking him clean out of your mouth? I ask you if you wouldn't be jealous and mad with things, and ready to—to——"

The ignorant, ill-bred fellow little knew how nicely their positions paralleled, and the clear, cold voice as it replied told him nothing.

"To do anything to get him back and baulk my rival? Yes, I would, and you too, I suppose."

"Try me," he said, below his breath, but with his hand clenched to his side. "Try me. I'm regularly mad now, I tell you. I've borne it long enough. I've seen her change ever since he came with a lot of other young scamps behind the scenes. I've seen her look out for him, color as if she'd committed a crime when he came lounging up to the wings, and, what's more, she's taken to hate me that never gave my mind a kind word. I'm not going to stand such a fellow as Tubbs; he's one of our own lot, and it's pretty equal fighting; but with a long-legged, handsome swell, with diamond studs, and paws like a girl, what chance is there?"

"None," she said, with a cutting curtness. "None. As you say, he will carry off the girl, and—you know the rest. Anyway, she will be lost to you if you do not prevent it."

"What am I to do?" asked Anderson, who, now that he had made a clean breast of it, had grown red-hot and ready for the anvil.

She laid her head up and down for a few moments, seemingly lost in thought.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the very policeman stamped his feet as he tramped past, and shivered; but these two were too hot with jealousy to feel the snow.

Presently she came up to where he was leaning against the post, and spoke:

"Who is this Tubbs?"

"Our low comedian—a turnip-faced, goggle-eyed beast."

"And the girl favors him?"

"Well, yes," said Anderson, and added spitefully, "not out of any love, but kindness. She's as soft as wax to everyone but me."

"Ah," said the lady. "Now listen. You wish to separate this—this girl from my foolish young friend—you wish to baulk him and get rid of the obstacle between you. Now, I can help you, and as I am anxious to save him from her clutches I will help you."

"How?" asked Anderson, meanly swallowing this disparagement of the girl he professed to love for the sake of the stranger's help.

"By speaking," said the lady.

Then in a cold, measured voice she unfolded the plan which she had drawn up a few minutes ago. So neat, so diabolically clever was it that the man gasped for breath, and stared as if the veiled figure was that of the Sphinx itself.

Directly the back was opened the young actor's face went livid, his clenched fist was raised and shaken after him, and a loud and audible curse burst from the jealous, writhing lips.

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Anderson came up to the carriage and raised his hat sullenly.

"Be good enough to walk to the end of the street," said the voice; "my coachman shall drive me down there."

Anderson, too astonished to reply verbally, walked down to the corner as he had been directed, and found a lady in black, with a thick veil over her face, standing in the snow waiting for him. Something about her figure, the turn of her head, told the man that he was looking upon high rank and hot-house breeding. He removed his hat, and, staring, kept it in his hand.

"Put your hat on, please," said the cold, clear voice. "I want to ask you a question or two, and if you answer me truthfully you shall not regret doing so."

"What do you want to know?" said Anderson, in a low voice, half sullen, half curious.

"First, the name of that man and person who drove off in the brougham which stood near mine?"

Anderson thought a moment, his anger rising a little at the designation of Miss Montague as a person.

"I must ask first," he said sullenly, "what you want to know it for, and what business it is of yours?"

"And a very reasonable question, my man," said the lady, with tones too indifferent to be contemptuous. "I am curious to know why a friend of mine, the owner of the brougham, should be so polite as to send an actress home in his cab and walk through the snow himself."

"Oh!" said Anderson, and a sneer flushed over his ill-tempered lips. "I understand. A friend of yours, is he? Then I don't envy you your acquaintances."

He stopped abruptly, for the lady with a gesture of disgust had looked round as if beckoning her carriage.

"I see," she said, with a sigh. "I was wrong to speak to you; I might have known I should have been insulted."

"Stop a moment," said Anderson, who saw his mistake. "Don't go yet, ma'am; I'm out of temper, been riled out of my life. Confound him! I'll tell you if you want to know."

"Well?" she said.

Anderson knew by the movement of her arm that she had drawn her purse from her pocket.

"That gentleman's name was Montague—Horatius Montague, and the young lady"—he laid a distinct emphasis upon the word "lady"—"is his daughter, Miss Annabelle or Mary Montague."

"I thought so," she mused; "I thought so. One wicked, abominably wicked thing!"

The father sighed and rubbed his head with his disengaged hand, and kept his eyes fixed upon the plate.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, dear," he said plaintively. "I'm not secret, I don't hide anything. I don't—er—know the gentleman's name. I —here's Mary, perhaps she knows."

But Pattie stopped him suddenly and shut both her eyes at the doorway through which Mary was just entering. The old man, who seemed to obey even her gestures with the blind, loving obedience of a child, held his tongue immediately and sat looking at the fire in silence.

Mary very quietly laid the supper cloth and set out the things, then she came and looked at the fireplace, the light falling about which threw a soft glow upon her face that elsewhere in the room was very pale.

"Supper is ready, dears," she said presently, and the Pirate, rousing with a start, lifted the golden-haired mite to the table and stood as he always did till the dish was upon the table and Mary was seated.

Then he looked at the dish and glanced humbly at his mistress by his elbow.

"You may have the cover off, Mary, my dear, and give this naughty boy a small piece—a very small piece."

Mary lifted the cover and the old man's eyes brightened.

"Ahem," he said, "a maccaroni cheese, and—or—very crisp and nice it looks."

"Much better than I deserve," said Pattie sharply, stroking his hand as it lay upon the table with her soft ones. "Much better. Mary, give him a small piece more—ahem, a little larger this time, I think, dear."

Mary smiled and did as she was directed. Maccaroni cheese seemed to have lost its charm for her. The first piece on her plate seemed intended for the last, and suffered little diminution.

The twinkling eyes looking out of the thin little face noted her paleness, want of appetite and dreamy thoughtfulness; but Pattie said nothing, continued to serve the old man while he felt hungry, and directly he was satisfied urged him with sharp tongue and persuasive hand to eat more, not desisting until he pushed back his plate with trembling decision and said humbly:

"Thank you, dear, no more; I really can't—I—really can't."

"Very well," said Pattie. "I shan't make another cheese in a hurry, if this is the way it is appreciated. Come, sir, lift me back."

He lifted her back to the chair, pausing a moment for her to reach his cigar from the mantel and place it in his mouth as usual, and then the three drew up to the fire and placed themselves in Pattie's hands.

And she rose equal to the task, her mighty task, to amuse her tried loved ones, to cheer them, to make them forget the labors and worries of the evening, to throw about them the soothing value of home, and bind them in one bond of love.

Would that the good people who take much delight in relating the stories of the pious and impossible children who preach to men and women old enough to be their grandparents, who shower tracts and extracts from sermons upon the heads of their unoffending and unfortunate schoolfellows, and who wind up by dying in the odor of sanctity and of sympathizing, and no doubt rejoicing, Sunday-school children in flat caps and enormous collars, could have seen this suffering little being exerting all her tiny self to win a laugh from the two tired ones, and never resting till the roses were in her sister's face and the light in her delighted father's! The pattern Sunday scholar must make the angels weep sometimes, but a stray celestial hovering about that room that night must have soared upwards with a happy, gladsome laugh chiming with the rustle of its wings and left a blessing with the little mirth-maker.

When she saw that the light of happiness had fallen upon them she proclaimed the time for bed, and the Pirate carried her to Mary's room, kissed, exchanged blessings, and went off with the echo of her sweet, happy voice to lull him to sleep.

"And now, dear," said the artful mite, nestling on her sister's arm, "tell me who lent papa the carriage?"

Mary's face flushed and grew pale again.

"A gentleman, Pattie," she replied.

"But there's so many people in the world of that name," retorted Pattie, with unconscious satire. "What's his other name? 'You didn't say 'Thank you, Mr. Gentleman,' did you?"

Mary laughed, but timidly.

"His name is Hamilton, dear," she said.

"Hamilton," repeated Pattie thoughtfully. "I like it," emphatically: "Hamilton—Charlie Hamilton?"

"No," said Mary, "John."

"Oh!" said Pattie, "that spoils it. Now, if it had been Jack ——"

"It is Jack," faltered Mary, and her face burnt hotly.

"Hem!" said Pattie, "Jack! it sounds pretty. And pray who is Jack Hamilton? Don't say a gentleman again, my dear."

"I can't say anything else," said Mary, feeling that she had no chance in these loving hands. "I don't know what he is, where he lives, what he wants. Ah, yes, but I do that, Pattie," and in a voice that was hurried and broken at times, but always grateful, she told Pattie of the conversation at the wings, using his very words, and even describing his looks and the expression of his eyes.

"Bless him! bless Jack Hamilton!" said the little shrill voice quiveringly. "O Mary, fancy poor papa not being obliged to go out in the cold, wet, and wicked streets to act to a noisy lot of people when he is so tired. And you, Mary?"

"Oh, never mind me, dear," said Mary, without a sigh. "If he will do what he has promised for papa, I shall be content to work always, to act till I die, and never, never wish for anything else." Here came a sob, but it was stifled by her ardor. "But is it not good? O Pattie, you should see his face and hear him speak. His eyes are brown, dark, and so kind-looking. I can't think why he should be so good to us."

"Can't you, dear?" said Pattie. "Hem! no, of course you can't. Dark-brown eyes. I think I'll go to sleep. There, dear, good-night."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MINER who had powder in one tin can, and oil in another, and forgot which was which, went into the blacksmith shop at the Dunbar Colliery, Clearfield County, one day last week, to melt the oil. He set the can, containing three pounds of powder, on the blacksmith's fire, and went home, saying that that was the loudest chap of thunder he had ever heard.

ONLY A BALLET GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HERBERT R. MOONEY.

Only a ballet girl—
Stopped in her many whirl,
Staggering blindly;
Faded the stage-set smile,
Agonized thoughts, the while
Covered so kindly.

Dying! Poor *coryphee!*
Toiling from day to day,
Fighting with death;
Dancing from week to week
Till, with pale lips and cheek,
Yields she her breath.

Death fixed that stony stare,
Seized, midst the footlight's glare,
His fragile prey.
Raise her with gentle hands—
Her soul hath burst its bands—
Bear her away.

Only a ballet girl!
On goes the mazy whirl.
Scarce any know
How a poor widow's heart,
Torn from its love apart,
Snapped at the blow.

HOW I MET HER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I had dined: and, filling another glass of wine, and lighting a cigar, I settled myself comfortably in my armchair before the glowing fire for at least a few moments' more enjoyment of it, reluctant to sally out, as I had intended, to some place of amusement, it was so cold a night. Pulling towards me one of several books at my elbow, lent me that day by a friend, I opened it hap-hazard and read the title of one of the sketches it contained—"Nobody's Dog." I read about "Nobody's Dog," and became so deeply interested in him that, when I came to his death, I found by looking at my watch that, if I meant to go to the theatre, I had better make good speed to be in time for the first act.

So, well wrapped up, and facing the sharp sleet that was falling in whirlwinds, I bent my course towards the Union-square Theatre. I had soon gained Sixteenth street, and then walked on more briskly still; for on a cold night I believe a man feels it colder facing either east or west in that street than in any other in New York. Having been delighted with what I had just read, I naturally recalled it to mind on my way, and soon found that "Nobody's Dog" had aroused in me, who at the worst, I think, have as much sympathy as my average neighbor, a sort of humanizing, kind feeling. I thus soliloquized: "Now, if 'Nobody's Dog' should be anywhere in this vicinity on this bitter night, and should meet and greet me as he did his friend in London, I believe in my heart I should be tempted to go back home and give him his supper and quarters for the night." Once, indeed, I turned, fancying I heard the pattering of a dog's feet behind me: but it was only fancy, and I went on. As I passed the Lyceum Theatre, looking so gloomy and desolate, that I had seen so brilliant and gay but a short time ago, I couldn't help thinking that, if Halliday's play of "Notre Dame" had proved half as interesting to the public as his little sketch of "Nobody's Dog" had to me, the doors of the Lyceum Theatre might still be open, and its actors in receipt of their salaries.

At the box-office of the Union-square Theatre I learned that the first act of the piece was over, and that a seat was not to be had. The latter bit of information would no doubt have given most agreeable to the author of the play; but after my cold jaunt I was annoyed. Not to be baulked, I determined to visit the nearest theatre; and that being Wallack's, I was turning the corner for that purpose when I remembered that twice before this season had I seen the play there when seeing them and to-night I hankered after something new. I finally gave up the idea of going to any place of amusement, it being late, and crossed over to Union square with the intention of stepping into the Everett House before going home, and seeing a young friend of mine who was lying there sick.

As I turned Seventeenth street I noticed a woman leaning against a tree, just inside the square, and the reflection came to me that she had chosen a rather cool resting-place or rendezvous. I went on, and thought no more of her. But as I returned that way half an hour later, there was the woman still on the same spot, and to all appearances as if she had never even changed her position. My curiosity was aroused. I entered the square, and walked slowly past where she stood: she neither moved nor looked up. I retraced my steps and spoke to her:

"Why do you stand there on such a night as this?" No answer. "You'll be wet through. For God's sake, go home!" The figure moved. The face was now turned toward me, and I saw it was that of a girl scarcely sixteen years old. She frowned at me, and answered, sullenly enough:

"I've got no home to go to."

"No home!" I repeated.

"No," she answered.

I saw that she had a very pretty face, in spite of the frowns upon it. If, now, repulsed by her frown, I had passed on, what then? Where might she have drifted that night from my sight and my memory? But there was no such possibility, I truly believe, for the strange words of the strange woman in "Little Em'ly" come to my mind as I write: In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet *us*, from many strange places and by many strange roads. They may be coming hundreds, thousands of miles over the sea there; they may be close at hand now; they may be coming, for anything you know, or anything you can do to prevent it, from the wild sweepings of this very town." So, in spite of her frown and sullen manner, I persisted in urging her to tell me who she was, and why she was without a home, and out on such a night, and alone. Her answers were evasive and unsatisfactory. More from her appearance and her tone of voice than from what she actually told me, I discovered that she was an English girl. Her Lancashire dialect betrayed itself in every word she uttered, as also did her want of education. That she was a modest, well-disposed girl I never for a moment doubted, for I had

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

SOLOMON BOY, Fort Trumbull.—During the Summer of 1873, Signor Henry Ballenl crossed the chasm at Niagara Falls upon a tight-rope 1,800 feet long, stretched from Prospect Park, on the American side, to a point near the Clifton House, on the Canadian shore. After crossing he returned to the centre of the cable, where a cord six feet long, made of rubber bands, was attached thereto at a point 115 feet above the surface of the water. Catching hold of this cord, he leaped from the cable, descending like an arrow into the water. He quickly rose to the surface and was taken on board a boat in waiting, wrapped in blankets and conveyed to the shore.

X. Y. Z., Chicago.—Of course, if you play a given number of points, and both parties reach that point, neither is out. Going beyond it is "not in the game." The trouble with casino is that, since a "sweep" is always possible with casino is that, since a "sweep" is always possible, the cards must be played out except in the "call-out" game; and this playing on until the cards are exhausted gives the low man a chance to make a stand-off. Good players avoid it either by "calling out" or by playing in single deals, a majority of points constituting a winning in the latter case.

GRAU.—Flotow, the composer of "Martha," laid the scene of the opera in England in compliment to his English admirers; and in it he introduced a scene from "The Richmond Fair" and the song of "The Last Rose of Summer." The latter is one of the collection known as Moore's melodies. It is not known who was the author of the music, though some attribute it to Moore himself. 2. The song of "Then You'll Remember Me" is the original one in Balfe's opera of "The Bohemian Girl," composed expressly for the words of the libretto.

GERALD, New York.—Agreed to give B 10 points in 109, not 10 three-point "markers" in 34. B had therefore to make 90 points, and it was immaterial whether he counted them singly or in thirty "markers" of three points each. It is suggestive of the inflictions newspapers have to bear up under, that B should even for a moment have forgotten that 10 points in a string of 100 differ somewhat in degree from 10 points in a string of 34, and that 10 per cent. is not 30.

MOLLIE, Lawrence.—1. It depends upon its character. 2. Leading operatic artists receive much larger salaries than leading actresses. 3. She is so considered. 4. There are so many excellent representatives of that character that it would be difficult to determine. 5. Daniel Emery dramatized "Guy Mannering." 6. From $20 to $150 per week. 7. Cannot say, but plenty were printed, and the newspapers received them. 8. They can. 9. They send for their letters regularly. 10. From $30 per week upward.

J. B., Philadelphia.—You cannot in a three-handed game, but can do so in a two-handed game, melting 40 trumps after the first or second trick; and should you be able to make another trick, you can melt the last card, provided you have not thrown one of their number off. By melting 150 trumps first, you forfeit the 40 trumps (or marriage) afterward. You cannot melt yourself out; you must make your trick to do so.

CHAS. H. B., Manchester.—1. The best recorded standing jump is 13ft. 5½in., by Ed. Searles, at Utica, N. Y. Ireland has cleared a full dozen feet in the standing jump in England. 2. The fastest one-mile time by a horse, running, is 1:42½ by Alarm. 3. Billy Edwards is the champion of lightweights. 4. Thank you, but we must decline the offer.

GUS, City.—From our report of the race between Harvard and Yale in 1868 we take the following information concerning W. H. Simmons, who occupied a seat in the Harvard boat: Age, 19 years; weight, 165lb.; height, 5ft. 11¾in.; inflated chest, 44 inches; biceps arm, 14½ inches. According to *Bell's Life* he weighed 172lb on the day of the international race between Harvard and Oxford.

H. L., Santa Barbara.—You have not read us correctly. We did not even name the man the Professor was "worsted." We said simply that his antagonist "presented a decided front against him." That was triumph enough. It has been determined, after a long and protracted controversy, that there was any well-defined victory on either side.

PENT.—Your quotation is incorrect. It should read: "No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours."
It is a comparison between a man's kingdom or state and the confines of America. 2. Lucille Western has no sisters living.

H. C., New York.—"S. H. B., in THE CLIPPER of 14th inst., asks whether a player, in the game of backgammon, having thrown a 6 and 3, and being able to play both, but by first playing the 3 not being able then to play the 6, is obliged to play the 6 first? You reply 'No.' Is not this an error?"—No.

FRANK Q., Cambridge.—1. Jim Murray of Philadelphia fought Jerry Donovan. Billy McLean and Mike Boosan. 2. Tim Collins fought Picket, Jesse Hatton's Spider, Bob Dackem, Cronin, Jerry Hawkes, Bob Furze, Joe Bent, Jim Rawlins, Bill Gilliam (twice in the same day) and Billy Edwards.

CHARLEY MACK.—1. The fastest trotting time for one mile is 2:16¾. 2. The fastest mile running time by a man is 4:17½, on level ground; 4:02¾, down hill. 3. A popular error that Flying Childers ever ran a mile in one minute. 4. There is no such record of the event, for it never occurred.

S. W. M., Pitts.—Never was cassino-player more in error than your opponent. 4, 5, and 6 on board, and a 3 in your hand, make as valid a "combination" (it is never a build when a card from the board is used) of "nines" as ever was played, and M. could not use his ace to *build* up to ten.

C. P., Boston.—1, 2. The Boston Theatre seats 2,936 persons, the Academy 2,263, the Stadt Theatre (the largest in the country) 3,015. 3. Booth's Theatre cost about $1,000,000, and is the most complete in America. 4. It is purely a matter of opinion who is the best architect.

E. H. B., Effingham.—You can get the rules of the American Jockey Club by addressing the secretary, Mr. Charles Wheatley, Fordham, N. Y. The rules of trotting can be obtained from D. F. Longstreet, Providence, R. I.; price 25 cents.

C. C. W., Marion.—1. C is entitled to 5 points for his 4 being 3 for the run and 2 for 15; D to 2 for pairing 7's & 4; E to 5 for his deuce, making a sequence; C to 2 for pairing B's deuce; and A 2 for pairing D's ace. 2. We are not acquainted with the rules of that game.

LAKE VILLAGE.—1. The best batting in the New England circuit. 2. Catch as catch can. 3. Yes. Much depends upon the wind. In a stiff breeze she is so uncontrollable. 4. The yacht Sophia at Cowes, Isle of Wight, when last heard from. 6. Henry Coulter.

FRED, Negardwell.—1. At the commencement of the war, in July, 1870, the French army numbered 576,000 men, the Prussian army 819,000. The following month the Prussian army numbered 982,064 men, the French about 321,000. 2. You cannot build from the table at all.

AMATEUR.—"J. Managed may possibly mean 1. 2. If it was produced, you would be paid either a certain sum for the entire right of production, or a royalty per night, which is a matter of private bargain.

W. & J., Newark.—1. It is the safest plan to secure your license before you advertise or bill. 2 Only for the number specified. 3. About $2,000. 4. Of Col. Brown, as per his advertisement.

HEADLIGHT, East Liberty.—1. Born in London, Eng., April 9, 1836. Appeared on the stage in 1852, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, in 1835, acting Othello. 3. We know nothing of the other gentleman.

F. P. D., Philadelphia.—1 About 35 years of age. 2. Yes, unanimously. 3. We do not answer such questions. 4. Yes. 5. Married. 6. See answer to 3. 7. None others at present.

ST. LOUIS.—The record being—8, nine games won; 1, three games won—of course L. is six games behind, which, at fifty cents per game, makes him in debt to 8. $3, not $4.50.

THOS. MCCUE, Brooklyn.—1. He did, and Morrissey declined to fight. He did not. 3. Dexter's best recorded mile time is 2:17½; Goldsmith Maid's, 2:16¾, which was equaled by Occident.

ALLIE.—"King Chaffining" was first produced at the old Broadway Theatre Dec. 24, 1855, Mrs. H. C. Watson making her first appearance on the stage, acting the title role. It was a success, until Jan. 2, 1856.

J. A. L., Phila.—Two parties cannot go alone at euchre. Only one player is entitled to that privilege, and that is the one that takes the trump by either ordering up, taking up, or making the trump.

NIBLO.—A "layer out" with a circus designates the performers and artists who shall occupy certain apartments in hotels already secured for them, assigns the horses, etc., to various stables, etc.

STREATOR, Ill.—1. They are puppets manipulated by wires. 2. Any amount from $500 upward that you choose to expend. 3. It would depend altogether upon your aptitude for learning.

FRED, Troy.—Your horse is evidently laboring under chronic laminitis, and only perfect rest from work will restore him to soundness. Follow your veterinarian's advice in every particular.

CINCINNATUS, Cincinnati.—We decline to publish any challenge with which the party mentioned is connected. A match is not made in one case for a stake won by an opponent cannot be trusted a second time.

H. A. BROWN, Waterbury.—1. We cannot say just now. 2. There are various claimants, and each has his supporters. There is no generally recognized aspirant.

JOHN C. L., Newburyport.—It is quite good for a first effort, but scarcely good enough for publication. Try again, and the next time, and make them shorter.

HENRI F. S., Lexington.—Unless requested, we do not preserve unused contributions, and we fear that your poem is "lost or mislaid."

RANALDO, Wilmington, Del.—The saine Norton; years ago he was officer when R. Butler's show was at 444 Broadway.

ROLLER SKATES.—Parties writing for letters are requested to send stamped directed envelopes, and we do not forward letters at anybody's cost.

J. D., City.—1. John Howard of Bradford, Eng., cleared 29 feet 7 inches in a running jump. 2. The horse Chandler leaned 39 feet, over water, at Warwick, Eng.

HERBERT CLOVE.—You cover the face and neck with prepared French chalk, paint the lips with Chinese vermilion, and the eyebrows, etc., with India ink.

HARRY.—Apply to any theatrical agency or dramatic agent. If you have no reputation, you need expect neither an engagement nor any salary.

TOM FENNESS.—The best run in public matches at three-ball and four-ball caroms have been made respectively by Maurice Daly and John McDevitt.

C. W.—1. he can trade such a ticket from the treasurer in person, he would be admitted. If he bought it of any other party, he would probably be refused.

F. J. H., Newark.—Pinpool cannot be played with but one pin. Probably you refer to "Little Corporal," in which game you have *not* "got to make two cushions."

O. P., Amboy.—Beannot play a deuce from his hand and a five from the board in order to "build" up to *ten*. A "combination" of *three*.

N. B. K.—A, having made a "combination" of eight, cannot use a seven in his hand to "build" to nine, even though he have both an eight and a nine in his hand.

THEATRE, Philadelphia.—"Fortune" was the opening play at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, New York, on Dec. 5, 1873.

D.—If you use the same means of making the changes, although they may differ in style of costume, you will be liable for infringement for violating the copyright law.

C. F., Fort Bascomb.—A having made the two points he gave for the pitch, and only wanting one point, goes out with his hitch before B's low.

TOM GREEN, Carbon.—1. Your subscription now is extended to No. 23, vol. 22. 2. It is a legal bill of sale on the face of it.

MARK TRACY.—1. They were received. 2. Unless copyrighted at the time of publication, the words may be used by others.

RANGER, Detroit.—1. The jack stops the sequence. 2. Certainly, you can claim a pair. 3. The chances are against your drawing a prize; the party named is good.

G. R., Bridgeport.—It is wrong; in the State of Massachusetts, where every man, whether a citizen or not, is compelled to pay a poll tax, sometimes termed a school tax.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—Heenan knocked Sayers down twenty-five times, and threw him thirteen times. They fell together twice, and Tom slipped down twice.

CRAS. H. WHITE, Elkhart.—We presume you mean the late John C. Heenan, who was in California at the time mentioned.

C. C., Sigourney.—According to the bet, for A to win, every one of the candidates must have a majority of 200 votes.

BURNET HOUSE, Cincinnati.—We never heard of a sequel to it. You can probably get the book through the Cincinnati Book and News Co.

FRANKLIN.—The drawings have, so far, been conducted fairly; but lotteries are a very unsafe investment, because the chances are very much against you.

J. W., Memphis.—1. We know nothing of the Mercantile Prize Association. 2. We have a correspondent in your city.

ARTHUR, Chicago.—1. In 1856, by Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina. 2. The Dred Scott decision was given in 1 36.

QUEEN CITY.—1. The distance from the Battery to the Central Park is a little over 4¾ miles. 2. Francis S. Key wrote the "Star-spangled Banner."

C. L., Buffalo.—Greeley carried the following States: Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas.

J. H. H., Streator, Ill.—While thanking you, in behalf of the profession, it is not likely that it would be made available to any extent.

R. I. P., Kansas City.—This is not a good season for such experiments. Wall until managers have better business than they have at present.

KARY, Indianapolis.—Such experience will avail you naught with managers, but will aid you in your future career.

C. B., Yorkville.—The racemare Albine was taken in Sherman's march to the sea, and died in St. Louis in 1867. We cannot say who owned her at the time of her death.

SHRIMPS, Phila.—The best one-mile trotting time on record is 2:16¾, made by both Goldsmith Maid and Occident.

GOFFETT, Chicago.—You can, with a four in hand, and also a ten, build to "nines," and combination of "six" that may be best formed by any player but yourself.

SCHNEIDER, Maribero.—1. You will find the rules of Forty-fives in "American Hoyle." 2. The population of Montreal is about 84,000; Quebec, by last census, 52,000.

S. F. W.—In this State, a foreigner must first declare his intention of becoming a citizen; he cannot get all his papers at one time.

S. W. S., Boston.—We believe it is not published. The other you can probably get of White & Goulland, in your city.

W. H. A., Crompton.—We do not understand your query. At one-card cribbage the non-dealer takes three holes.

CHARLES, Newark.—In a three or four handed game of pinochle you can call 40 jacks, 60 queens, 80 kings, 100 aces, and 20 of any suit.

WAINWRIGHT.—5 wins.

G. A. B.—The fastest time on record for that distance in this country is 4 min. 36 sec., made by William Barlow many years ago.

W. S., Hartford.—No answers by mail. Address him in care of this office. He is acting to the New England circuit a night or two in each town.

CONSTANT READER.—If you name a triple somersault while leaping over horses, neither he nor any other performer ever accomplished it.

WINNEMUCCA.—1. He is considered first-class. 2. We cannot inspire the space to print the names of all the first-class actors in America.

J. F. W., St. Joseph.—He was so styled for some time, but no contest for the championship of America ever occurred upon proper conditions.

C. S. E., Fond du Lac.—We do not know the price, but you can get the book of G. Putnam's Sons, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York.

UNCLE JOE.—A deal out of order cannot be rectified after the trump card is played. Each player must look after his own interests.

NELSON CLERY.—The advertisement, displayed in a space of thirty lines, would cost $4.80 for each insertion.

BILLY WELSH, San Francisco.—Accept our thanks for the old-timer.

SHERRY, Frisco.—The mementoes came to hand. Thank you.

DR. J. S., Philadelphia.—For which, our thanks are tendered.

ARGUS.—"The Lass with the Curly Hair," "Saturday Night," "Happiest Mokes Alive."

D. D. W., Charlotte.—No reliable statistics have been published since the census of 1870.

A. J. E., Cleveland.—London, Eng., has a larger population than Pekin, China.

J. R.—You can get clogs of Shannon, Miller & Crane, 30 Ann street.

W. E. C., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. He is traveling with the Alleghanians.

J. F. H., Shamokin.—1. Cannot say. 2. She never resided there.

N. A. S. T.—He has never had such an engagement at that theatre.

MAY R., Columbus.—We do not see why you could not get an engagement to play small business.

BILL, Indiana.—1. It can. 2. From Ed. James, who advertises.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—1. New Orleans, La. 2. In your city. We do not answer such questions.

J. P., Cincinnati.—It is proper to play the farce either before or after the chief piece of the evening.

J. C.—Fourteen innings were played in the game between the Atlantics and Philadelphias to which you refer.

MACK, Hartford.—In the South, but cannot say definitely where.

ANN B. VILLA.—The arrangement is satisfactory, but we cannot promise to put the card at the head of a column.

MAGICIAN.—It is purely a matter of opinion, and we do not care to express ours in this department.

R. J. M., Buffalo.—It was published in THE CLIPPER dated Oct. 26, 1872; but we have none of that date left.

MARTINO, Cincinnati.—Euchre is the more scientific game of the two.

E. E. W., Ottawa.—The Goddess of Liberty is the head in tossing.

J. W. S., Cherry Creek.—If B had not the whole of the $100 down, then the bet is void.

M. C., Memphis.—We do not know what the municipal ordinances of Chicago are on the point named.

T. N.—The name of the counsel referred to appears in the paper named this week in the Simmons case.

EXPERIMENTER.—The machines for incubation are not for sale in this country.

MCLAUGHLIN, Phila.—Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.

P. J. EARLY, Camden.—We do not understand your question. Try again.

JOS. H. KEANE, Augusta.—Letter mailed from here Jan. 26.

D. M., St. Paul.—Morrison, having failed to *beat* four aces and a six, loses the bet.

CONTRIBUTOR, Providence.—At cribbage, 29 is the largest number that can be held.

F. D., Baltimore.—President Grant's salary is now $50,000 per annum.

CONSTANT READER.—Gladstone first became premier of the British Cabinet in December, 1868.

NEWSDEALER, Philadelphia.—Barney Williams was born in Cork, Ireland. Mrs. Williams was born in New York.

J. B. R., City.—There is no authentic record of time made at those distances in America.

A. A.—1. We cannot inform you where you can get skeleton keys. 2. We do not advise any place.

READER.—The jack, being the highest card in cutting at euchre, is entitled to the deal.

S. G., Girardville.—A wins, as jack is scored immediately it is turned.

SPORT.—A is entitled to one point. B had no right to play alone against A, as only one player can go alone.

METROPOLITAN, New Orleans.—The dealer is entitled to score the jack, although it is the last card.

F. S., Fort Sanders.—We cannot find the place on the map.

PLAY, Philadelphia.—Write to those who advertise plays for sale. No. It should have been published.

BARRY, Nicholasville.—We know nothing of his responsibility.

CHARLEY, Steubenville.—1. The French poodle is usually employed. 2. Ninety cents for each insertion.

Y. P. Y., Monigomery.—Your letters addressed to the editors of those papers in New York would reach him.

FRANK NORTON.—If received, we fear that it has been mislaid.

JOHN, Boston.—1. As a general thing they do not. 2. Very seldom. 3. Applied in person.

CHRIS G., Washington.—Address a note to the secretary of some prominent yacht club, in our care.

F. A., Cairo.—We know of no one who teaches such feats.

A PARTY BY THE NAME OF JOHNSON, Ottawa.—The Canadian crew is ahead at the time.

J. W. C. H., Olney, Ill.—Write to some of our advertisers who deal in theatrical goods.

MRS. H., Cincinnati.—Advertise, or negotiate through a dramatic agency.

BENECIA, Jersey City.—You can obtain such a picture from Ed. James, 88 Centre street, this city.

PADDY, Kansas City, Mo.—1. Yes. 2. We have no record of time made in kilting and dressing bullocks.

R. F. P., Kansas City.—He held the rank of Lieutenant-general by brevet.

PAT DUNN, Fall River.—We require a deposit with every challenge.

RESSEGUIE, Rochester.—Our impression is that the Surprise is a merchant vessel.

BANKS.—The man has gone around the squirrel when he has made the circuit of the tree.

J. C., Cincinnati.—It is proper to play the farce either before or after the chief piece of the evening.

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J. P

respect of their natural charms. It seems that Andrian's forest life has not been conducive to goodly articulation, and his speech is indistinct, though it is said that he understands everything that is spoken in the Russian language. Although we were, by the courtesy of the metropolitan management, allowed a private view of Andrian, his appreciation of the honor done him by our visit was so obscure, and his show of sociability so indistinct, that we did not feel disposed to test his conversational or barking powers."……Hermann the prestidigitateur, who had been performing in the provinces, was to open at the Foresters', London, on the 8th inst……J. H. Milburn was doing "turns" at the Sun and Pavilion, and Miss Annie Adams was singing at the South London.

MLLE. KATIE, the female trapezist, had a narrow escape at the Alfred Hall, Melbourne, Australia, on the night of Dec. 3. While performing with Lottie, the girl, it is alleged, had by some means rubbed the chalk off her boots, and when Lottie tried to catch her as she threw herself—head down—forwards, her boots slipped through Lottie's hands, and she fell into the carpeted netting provided to meet such contingencies. Nothing daunted and not hurt, she resumed her performances, and the audience cheered.

CIRCUSES.

BURTON & TAYLOR'S CIRCUS was at last accounts prospering among the gold-fields of Australia, in which country Burton has been connected with the business about twenty-two years.

AT ADAMS' CIRCUS, Huddersfield, Eng., the chief attraction was a performance by the Atroton Brothers and Little Tom on the "Arcopendulus," a couple of bars suspended horizontally near the ceiling, with rings at each end.

RANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE and Hengler's Cirque were performing nightly to large audiences in the British metropolis. The pantomimic spectacle "Cinderella" continued the chief attraction at each house……Little Rochez the clown, who obtained admission to the Bath Hospital some three months ago for paralysis, has returned to London almost helpless, the waters having been of no avail. His case has been pronounced incurable, in addition to which misfortune he is almost destitute, and an appeal is made in his behalf to his brother professionals of the order "Motley."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CARLO BROTHERS—William, George and Fred—are with King's Siamese Troupe in Australia, which at last advices had just concluded a few weeks' stay at Melbourne. The Carlos have, we learn, introduced some new business in their triple parterre act. They are accompanied by Mrs. W. Carlo (Fanny Brown) and Mrs. G. Carlo (Emilia Bridges). The two little boys, Leotard and Henry Carlo, sons respectively of these ladies, are becoming very clever in the carpet act with William Carlo.

BATCHELDER'S DIORAMA of the Pacific Railway Route has been exhibited in the Australian colonies for about eighteen months, and seems to pay well.

JOHN FARMER, well-known throughout the midland counties of England as a buffo singer, died at Nottingham, Eng., Jan. 25, aged 83.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOWERY THEATRE.
MR. WM. B. FRELIGH……Manager
Monday, Feb. 16, 1874, and during the week
COMBINATION OF STARS.
FOR THIS WEEK
MR. S. C. FRANCE AS SKID,
in the sensation drama, entitled
MARKED FOR LIFE.
MISS LOUISE SYLVESTER AS MILLY,
in the comic drama,
THE MAID WITH THE MILKING PAIL,
with songs, dances and banjo solos.
The celebrated Russian athletes, JOHANOFF BROTHERS, in their thrilling Mid-air Act, standing and walking upon the ceiling.
Scenes in the Gymnasium, by MESSRS. DUNBAR, DONALDSON, SIEGRIST and ANTONIO.
Chinese Miracle Act, MR. GEORGE DUNBAR.
Saturday—Benefit of S. C. FRANCE.
Monday, Feb 23, Miss ELLA WESNER in a new play.[1t

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA-HOUSE, 201 BOWERY.
First appearance of
JOHN MORRIS
IN HIS MYSTIC CHANGES.
First appearance of
PROF. J. L. DAVIS
AND HIS SCHOOL OF EDUCATED DOGS.
NILES AND EVANS,
THE GREAT SPECIALTY ARTISTS.
MISS JOSIE GRANGER,
THE CHARMING VOCALIST.
MISS IDA FREEMAN
IN DASHING SONG-AND-DANCE.
IMMENSE HIT OF TONY PASTOR'S STEREOSCOPE SONG,
PADDY ROONEY, BILLY BARRY, LARRY TOOLEY.
ALL THE STARS IN A NEW PROGRAMME.
MATINEES Wednesday and Saturday. Ladies admitted free on Friday evenings and Saturday Matinee. 47-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
DANIEL BOONE.
EVENING AT 8, THE CELEBRATED ACTOR,
JOHN A. STEVENS,
IN THE NEW DRAMA OF
DANIEL BOONE.
AFTERNOON AT 2, THE COMEDY OF
A QUIET FAMILY.
ALL THE SPECIALTIES
AND THE ECCENTRICITY OF
OLD TIMES.
EVERY AFTEROON AND EVENING
WITH ABOVE.
The Egyptain Juggler FELIX ANGLOIS.
The versatile, accomplished GUY FAMILY.
The petite Dance Artists, FOSTER SISTERS.
The renowned Gymnasts, WATSON BROTHERS.
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
THREE PERFORMANCES IN THE LECTURE ROOM.
Morning at 11. Afternoon at 2. Evening at 8. 47-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Twenty-eighth street and Broadway.
Begins at 8. Carriages may be ordered for 11.
*** Seats may be secured one week ahead. Box office open daily from 9 A. M. till 11 P. M.
AUGUSTIN DALY……Proprietor and Manager.
LAST WEEK OF FOLLINE.
MONDAY, FEB. 16,
LAST NIGHT BUT FIVE OF
FOLLINE. 47-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
KING OF PLEASURE "A ROMANCE."
MR. G. L. FOX IN A FAMOUS SPECIALTY,
"2,450."
THE MARTENS, JEB BROTHERS AND RIGL SISTERS, ANNIE HINDLE, KING SARBRO.
"HUMPTY DUMPTY AT SCHOOL."
Admission, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents and $1 extra; Family Circle, 30 cents. [47-1t

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, 23d St.
Box-office open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Seats secured.
LAST NIGHTS OF CINDERELLA
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS | as the Little Glass Slipper.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS | THE SHADOW DANCE.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS | Mulligan Guard Brass Band.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS | SECOND HAND JEWELRY.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS | Fooling with the wrong man.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS | CINDERELLA
Matinee Saturday at 2. "CINDERELLA." 47-1t

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.
PROPRIETOR……MR. SHERIDAN SHOOK
MANAGER……MR. A. M. PALMER
Begins at 8. Over at 11.
MATINEES SATURDAY AT 1.30.
No abatement. Seventy-third to Eightieth performance. The most successful play in the annals of the American stage.
LED ASTRAY,
every representation of which attracts audiences which CROWD THE THEATRE TO THE DOOR.
SATURDAY, FEB. 21,
TWELFTH MATINEE OF
LED ASTRAY.
Seats can be secured four weeks in advance. 47-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN. SPECIAL.
JARRETT & PALMER……Lessees and Managers.
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 16, 1874,
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE,
Will be presented a new, grand romantic American drama by George Fawcett Rowe, author of "The Geneva Cross," entitled
LEATHERSTOCKING,
OR, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.
Founded on Fenimore Cooper's famous story.
The play will be produced with a
PERFECT CAST OF CHARACTERS!
PICTURESQUE SCENERY!
ORIGINAL MUSIC!
THRILLING HISTORICAL TABLEAUX!
COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD!
SURPRISING EFFECTS!
NEW APPOINTMENTS!
SPECIAL MATINEE MONDAY, FEB. 23,
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. 47-1t

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.
SAND 587 BROADWAY SAND 587
R. W. BUTLER……Manager
ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK.
THE MARINETTI PANTOMIME TROUPE
in the East Indian Pantomime of
JOCKO THE BRAZILIAN APE.
Paul Martinetti……as……Jocko the Ape
THE FAMOUS JAUSLEY FAMILY OF SIX.
TEN IN NUMBER. TEN IN NUMBER.
THE GREATEST GYMNASTS IN THE WORLD.
First week of the talented artists,
DELEHANTY AND HENGLER.
IN THEIR NEW SKETCH, FUN IN A KITCHEN.
848 RICKEY
as the Policeman in a Sunday Day.
MLLE. LEONA DARE, MISS JENNIE HUGHES, FRANK HUSSEY, COOL WHITE, JOHN QUEEN, GEO. F. FOSTER, HARRY BARNEY, LASS MOORE, WM. WEST, CHAS. E. WORLEY, THE SCHROTTER SISTERS, MISS KATIE WILSON, MISS ALLIE WEEMS, MISS KATE BUCKLEY, in a
GRAND PROTEAN ENTERTAINMENT.
SEE BILLS OF THE DAY. MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON. 47-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE.
514 BROADWAY.
MR. JOSH HART……Sole Proprietor
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1874.
First appearance of the Queen of Burlesque,
MISS LISA WEBER,
MISS LISA WEBER,
MISS LISA WEBER,
And her troupe of Burlesque Artists,
MISS LISA WEBER, MISS JULIA BLAND,
MISS LISA WEBER, MISS JULIA BLAND,
MISS LISA WEBER, MISS JULIA BLAND,
MISS JENNIE LESLIE, MISS EVA HAMILTON,
MISS JENNIE LESLIE, MISS EVA HAMILTON,
MR. GEORGE ATKINS, MR. HARRY GWYNETTE,
MR. GEORGE ATKINS, MR. HARRY GWYNETTE,
MR. GEORGE ATKINS, MR. HARRY GWYNETTE,
First appearance of the favorite vocalist,
MISS JENNIE ENGEL.
MISS JENNIE ENGEL.
MISS JENNIE ENGEL.
The world-renowned and original
LONDON MADRIGAL BOYS.
Reappearance of the Versatile
MASTER MARTIN
The Lyric Star, MISS NULLY PIKRIS.
New Songs and Choruses by the inimitable artist,
MISS ELLA WESNER,
An entire new olio of fun and humor.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 47-1t

JERSEY CITY THEATRE.
M. CAMPBELL AND FRED. LUBIN……Proprietors
B. A. BAKER……Business Manager
Engagement for one week of
A. R. SAUCELBS'
PARK THEATRE STAR COMPANY FROM BROOKLYN.
Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 16 and 17,
LANCASHIRE LASS.
Wednesday—STRANGER; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, John Brougham's local play, LOTTERY OF LIFE; Saturday Matinee at 2, THE STRANGER.
Monday Evening, Feb. 23, a great combination of artists will appear. First class combinations address B. A. BAKER, Jersey City Theatre, or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, 9 West Fourth street, New York. 47-1t

MANAGERS
AND THE
PROFESSION
are respectfully informed that our firm has taken the agency of the following celebrated dramatic authors: W. S. GILBERT, HENRY J. BYRON, W. G. WILLS, PALGRAVE SIMPSON, HENRY C. MERIVALE. Their plays can be performed only with our permission, and any manager allowing them to be produced will become liable to prosecution. We have, at present, "Charity"—a four-act play, by W. S. Gilbert, now being performed at the Haymarket, London; "Wedding March"—a three-act eccentricity, by W. S. Gilbert, now being performed at the Court Theatre with great success; "Fine Feathers"—by Henry J. Byron, played at the Globe Theatre, London, with great success; "Sour Grapes"—played at the Olympic Theatre, London, with great success; also, by same author, "Partners for Life"—three-act drama; "Alone"—an original comedy drama, in three acts, by J. Palgrave Simpson and H. C. Merivale, now being performed with great success at the Court Theatre, London; "Nemesis"—a bouffonnerie musical, by H. B. Farnie. Immense success in London, at the Strand Theatre. Has been running nearly a year, as did the original piece in Paris. Drawings of scenery and dresses, vocal score and orchestral parts, libretto—everything complete.
Applications for permission to perform any of the above to be directed to
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
47-1t* 122 Nassau street, New York.

WANTED, A YOUNG LADY
TO ATTEND A CIGAR STORE. One that can sing and play the piano.
Call or address at the N. W. corner of 13th and Wood sts., Philadelphia. [47-1t* JOHN DEAL.

OPERA HALL,
PRINCETON, ILL.,
on the line of C. B. and Q. R. R., 105 miles west of Chicago, is the finest show hall between Princeton and Chicago, and it is handsomely frescoed. Has been entirely remodeled; new lights, new stage, new and beautiful scenery. Has large bill-boards in connection, and is centrally located. Population, 6,000. For terms and dates address C. L. PATTERSON, Agent. 47-2t

GRAND CENTRAL GARDEN,
SAVANNAH, GA.
CHAS. E. DOBSON, } Proprietors.
LYMAN LAISCELL, }
The only Variety Theatre in the city.
Wanted, first-class variety talent at once.
All letters answered. 47-1t*

MORRESTE BROTHERS
CAN BE ENGAGED BY SOME RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS FOR THE COMING TENTING SEASON.
Business: double trapeze and brother act. Address, 1,017 Nectarine street, Philadelphia, Pa. 47-2t*

AN EXPERT PROGRAMME
AGENT can be engaged after March 1, 1874. C. M. CHENEY, Box 61, Jamestown, Ohio. 47-2t*

TO SIDESHOW MANAGERS.
SAM WELSER,
CHAMPION PUNCH-AND-JUDY PERFORMER
and his trick hat in fifteen different shapes, can be engaged for '74. Address SAM WELSER,
47-1t* Box 622, McKeesport, Pa.

THE MULLIGAN GUARD
ALL THE RAGE.
The most popular piece of music ever published.
Mulligan Guard, Song for Piano, 40 cents.
Mulligan Guard, Song for Guitar, 40 cents.
Mulligan Guard, Song for Banjo, 40 cents.
Mulligan Guard, Waltz for Piano, 30 cents.
Mulligan Guard, Galop for Piano, 40 cents.
Mulligan Guard, Quickstep for Piano, 40 cents.
Mulligan Guard, Quadrille for Piano, 50 cents.
Mulligan Guard, Quadrille for Orchestra, $1.
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WM. A. POND & CO., Publishers,
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MR. G. B. SHEPARD
WANTS AN ENGAGEMENT
with some first-class Minstrel troupe, as
TENOR BALLADIST AND FALSETTO SINGER.
Address G. B. SHEPARD, Winona, Minnesota. 47-2t*

SONGS, BURLESQUES,
PLAYS, LECTURES, ETC.
Written to order. Address WM. R. WATTS,
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BROWN'S HOTEL, CEDAR
RAPIDS, IOWA, is the finest house in the city. Corner Commercial street and Iowa avenue. SPECIAL RATES TO PROFESSIONALS. References: Mrs. Siddons, Fanny Price, J. H. Haverly, Cal Wagner, etc. "CLIPPER" kept on file. ENO & PHILLIPS,
47-6t Proprietors.

TO MANAGERS.—WANTED.—
AN ENGAGEMENT FOR THE SEASON
WITH A RELIABLE TRAVELING TROUPE.
Do banjo solo and songs and dancing specialties. Play brass. Address BANJOIST,
47-1t* Herald Office, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE, A DIORAMA OF
AUSTRALIA, illustrative of convict and emigrant life. The two largest lenses, and the most perfect ones in this country. Has never been exhibited in America. Apply to
47-1t* R. ONDERDONK, 405 Grand st., N. Y.

TUCKER BROS.,
600 BROADWAY, N. Y.
SHOW PAINTERS,
ARE NOW PREPARING WORK FOR THE SEASON OF 1874.
First Come, First Served. 47-1t*

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.—W.
N. ARNOLD, many years with Older's Circus, is now open for an engagement for the coming season as Equestrian Manager or to break stock. Address all communications care of CLIPPER OFFICE. 47-1t

NEW MUSIC FOR ORCHESTRA. Composed and arranged by CH. CHRISTRUP.
No. 1.—FANTASIE, from the Gipsy Life.
No. 2.—THE YOUNG WOODCUTTER CONCERT POLKA. Solo for wood and straw instruments.
No. 3.—MEDLEY OVERTURE (new songs).
Address CH. CHRISTRUP, Leader, 315 5th street, N. Y.
P. S.—The above compositions are played with great success with Howard, Langrishe & Carle's "Magic Talisman."

WANTED.
A PURCHASER FOR ONE OF THE BEST COLLECTIONS IN THE COUNTRY, consisting of STUFFED BIRDS, ANIMALS, WONDERFUL FREAKS OF NATURE, also NOTED CHARACTERS IN WAX, etc.
Apply CHADWICK'S MUSEUM,
47-1t* Wilmington, Delaware.

NOTICE
TO MINSTREL MANAGERS.
A young gentleman is desirous of placing himself under a reliable manager to learn the minstrel business. Has a taste for the stage, and is a good banjo player.
Address, WM. YOUNG, 140 Ohio street,
47-1t* Allegheny City, Pa.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES ON
hand and written to order. Songs written and set to music, and stories dramatized, all at short notice and to suit any line of the profession. Address, with stamp, S. D. FREANE, Author, Boston P. O., Mass. 47-2t*

WALKING GENTLEMAN
WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
47-1t* FELIX A. VINCENT, Ravenna, Ohio.

TO MANAGERS.—AN EXPE-
RIENCED, ENERGETIC WORKING AGENT can be engaged by responsible parties at moderate salary.
47-2t Address "WILL," care of CLIPPER Office.

WANTED.—AN ENGAGEMENT
as Property Man and Snare-drummer. Drumming first-class. Address "Drummer," care of Clipper office. [47-1t*

SIG. HENRI BALLENI, alias
Henry Newbold, champion of Niagara Falls, sailed for London, Eng., Feb. 14. Agents,
47-1t* PERRIVICINI & CORBYN, London.

GRAYSON'S OPERA-HOUSE,
ARKADELPHIA, ARK.
OPEN FOR FIRST-CLASS
TROUPES OR COMBINATIONS.
Would like to hear from Harry Macarthy, Sappho Troupe, Ben Wheeler, and all old friends.
47-1t* CHAS. L. HOWARD, Lessee and Manager.

HINDOO-BOX MYSTERY AP-
PARATUS and Magic Lantern and slides, for sale. Would exchange for Marionettes or aerial suspension.
47-2t* H. L. MONTFORD, Hamilton, Canada.

STUART SISTERS.
The greatest success in the United States. Facts speak for themselves. Re-engaged for one week longer at the Theatre Comique, Washington, they were such a success. See them in their new duet of
STRIPES AND STARS,
as sung by them before PRESIDENT GRANT and party at Washington, Feb. 5, '74, also in their Double Clog Dance. It is the talk of everyone in the towns they appear in.
THEATRES TO FOLLOW:
Wally Ward's Varieties, Paterson, N. J., two weeks, Feb. 16; Tony Pastor's, New York, two weeks, March 2; Wally Ward's, Fall River, two weeks, March 30. Two weeks vacant from March 16. For terms and future dates please address STUART SISTERS at theatres as above.

A CARD TO PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.
I hereby certify that the Stuart Sisters have just concluded a long engagement to my entire satisfaction. Managers engaging them will find them clever, useful and attractive young ladies. R. FOX,
J. C. CURRAN.
To Stuart Sisters.

EUREKA DRAMATIC,
VARIETY, MUSICAL AND
EQUESTRIAN AGENCY,
NO. 9 AMITY STREET.
47-1t* JOHN L. SANFORD.

LITTLE JOE, THE SMALLEST DUTCH COMEDIAN in the World, only four years old. Address for terms JOHN L. SANFORD, 9 Amity street. 47-1t*

HATTIE ELLIS AND HER
TRAINED DOGS
BIG HIT AT DOMINION THEATRE, MONTREAL.
For terms address JOHN L. SANFORD. 47-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A FIRST CLASS LEADER FOR PANTOMIME COMPANY. Address JOHN L. SANFORD. 47-1t*

MISS EVA GIRARD,
Let me hear from you. Full particulars next week.
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SMITH AND TONGE
ARE NOW READY
TO ENGAGE WITH SOME RESPONSIBLE MANAGER FOR A FEW WEEKS,
ALSO FOR THE
TENTING SEASON OF '74.
BUSINESS:
FLYING AND DOUBLE
TRAPEZE.
47-1t* Address JOHN L. SANFORD.

WANTED.
A LEADER OF BAND and a LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, who travel together and who are well up in the business, desire an engagement for the traveling season of '74 with a good company. Please address
D. AND M.,
47-1t* Care of CLIPPER office.

CIRCUS PROPERTY FOR
SALE.—Trunk wagon, two ticket wagons, passenger ambulance (splendid affair), canvas and baggage wagons, twenty-nine lengths of seats, one set of entree dresses, saddle cloths, etc. Two and four horse sets of harness, CHEAP. Apply to JOHN H. MURRAY,
201 6entre st., 3 S. ROOTH, or to
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SIGNOR VALLO'S
DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ACADEMY,
439 North Eleventh st., Philadelphia, Pa.
Instructions given in all branches of the dramatic and musical professions. 47-2t

JOHN C. RIVERS,
CLOWN AND COMIC SINGER, is at liberty to negotiate for the tenting season of 1874, with his troupe of performing dogs. Address Ducrow House, 108 3d avenue, N. Y. City. 47-1t*

WANTED,
A MAGICIAN,
A BRASS AND
STRING BAND,
and three or four performers to do gymnastic acts. The magician to have a full cabinet, so as to give a first-class performance. To travel with a canvas show. No buggy covers need apply. Salaries moderate, but sure. Address
G. W. HALL,
47-1t* Box 32, Magnolia, Rock County, Wis.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, TO
engage a Magician to take the road at once to travel with a No. 1 Gift Exhibition. Salary sure. Should be pleased to hear from Cerabo the Egyptian Conjurer, giving his lowest salary. Address A. S. THOMPSON, St. Paul, Minn. 47-1t*

TO THE PROFESSION.
Rooms, with excellent board, at 158 Bleecker street, five blocks west of Broadway, N. Y. 47-4t*

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ANDY COLLOM

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY MAJOR WILLIAM A. M. SIGOURNEY
(AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW").

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,
In the mystic future what will thou be?
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—
A poison Upas, or innocent Thyme—
A spirit of evil, flashing down
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding up with a shining track,
Like a morning-star, that ne'er looks back.
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers,
Pure as the sparkling, crystalline stream,
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam.
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshiped by Love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of Hope through mists of tears—
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile,
With its halo of glory, beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth, but of heaven.
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Would thou couldst ever thus be young.
Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird,
From stair to hall thy voice is heard.
How oft in the garden-nooks I've found
With flowers thy curly head arwound!
And, kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me.
A fallen star, thou mayst leave my side,
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—
Shivering, quivering through the old street,
With a curse behind and before thy feet—
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die;
No home, no friend, and pitiless sky.
Merciful Father, my brain grows wild.
Oh, keep from evil my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, mayst thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love,
A drop on Eternity's mighty sea,
A blossom on Life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore
In the blessed light of the golden shore;
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom,
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom;
I feel like one keep thee unsullied,
And His love protect my beautiful child.

[W. King, of "Sance Royal" fame, sends the above. He clipped it from *The Washington County Journal*, published at Potosi, Mo., in the year 1868.—Ed. Clip.]

THE LAPIDARY OF NUREMBERG:

A WONDERFUL CHRONICLE,

Compiled from the Manuscripts of a Patient in Bedlam,

AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAST NOTE OF A GREAT SINGER.

The language of poetry alone could describe the suburban residence of the Countess D'E—— during her engagement at Vienna. Possessed of boundless wealth and wearing a lofty title, why did she still appear upon the stage as a singer? This is a question easily asked, but hard to answer.

The Count D'E—— had long enjoyed the supreme pleasure of hearing his beautiful wife acknowledged as the first artiste in Europe. Through his bounty her talent had been developed, and he was of too noble and generous a nature to play the part of a miser with the sublime gift Heaven had bestowed upon her. As for the lady herself, she loved the lyric stage with all the devotedness of which one inspired by the harmonious mysteries of song is capable. Aside from this feeling, the demonstrations of applause which she was nightly greeted plainly informed her that the public would not consent to part with their favorite until some star equally promising should dawn in the musical horizon. And yet there was a fearful impediment of which the Count D'E—— never dreamed—a terror which she herself strained all the powers of her thoughts—that threatened at an early date to check her onward course in the path of fame. Thrice during the last year previously to her engagement in Vienna, the countess suffered from a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. This secret she told me in confidence at her charming villa, on the Wednesday following our interview at the theatre. What she revealed to me accounted for the deathly paleness of the once blooming Susette Waghoner. The humble daughter of a Nuremberg brewer, bravely adorning the lofty station she filled, and gifted, besides her wonderful voice, with every virtuous attribute, had garnered her laurels at a terrible price.

I studied Sus—I mean the Countess D'E——'s case with the practised eye of a connoisseur, and I felt confident that if she continued her present engagement to the end of the season, nothing must be left undone in the way of medicaments known to the healing art could save her.

I resolved to inform him anonymously, but my conscience revolted at the idea of thus committing such a course. There was nothing for me to do but wait. Once I ventured to plead that she should repose on her laurels, if it was only for a single week; but she laughed at my fears and said that such a thing was impossible, and that neither the manager nor Vienna would consent to so silly a piece of business.

"Let us ever be friends," she continued; "for I am proud of the acquaintance of a man who knows how to make diamonds. But please to cease criticizing; you shall be glad to take your advice on all subjects else. To-night, I am determined to merit an ovation."

From that hour I resolved to plead no more; but from the moment she trod the stage until the fall of the curtain I watched her every motion with an intensity beyond the power of description to express. The other artists, when she was absent from the scene, did not inspire me with a particle of interest, whether they acted their parts ill or well. I watched only for one particular event. With the inspiration of prophecy I felt assured that the end must occur. No doubts obstructed my mind at any time when I peered with longing gaze day after day into the crucible to discover the first minute spark of crystallized carbon. I was sanguine that my theory was as flawless as the costly gem presented to the Countess D'E—— by her noble husband at the bridal altar.

And the jewel of which I speak, though of the purest water, and mounted with costly emeralds, and shining like a star of the first magnitude beneath the streaming rays of gaslight that played upon the face, had cost me heavy anxiety, care and desolation to me and mine. Strange transposition! The gem that had been concealed in the dead body of a convict adorned the bosom of Europe's best artiste, and served to dazzle the beholders; but, weighed against the fearful crimes it had caused, how soon would the sparkling bauble change to inky blackness! Only five persons in the world knew the truthful history of the Countess D'E——'s famous jewel. I am confident it would have depreciated to a worthless bauble in her sight if she had learned of the crimes and suffering linked with its career of glory. To have revealed the truth to her would have been a crime equal to sacrilege. Surely, the blow would fall soon enough.

The time appointed for her benefit night was the 18th of June, 1830, and the day was drawing nigh. The coincidence of the battle of Waterloo anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo seemed singular to me. One of the darkest eras of my own life possibly might prove fatal to her. Vienna never witnessed such an assembly before as greeted the countess that night. Mine was the only heart that beat with dread foreboding among the vast assemblage of spectators. I was sanguine that on the present occasion she would strive to surpass herself, and knew that, in the existing condition of her health, the result must prove terrible.

Unknown to her, I had made preparations for the event I anticipated. I felt rejoiced in having the professor of the college and the most able surgeon in Vienna with me at such a time, and ready to assist if what I feared came to pass. She did not make her entrance until the third scene of the first act. She had dressed the part with especial care, and never appeared more lovely or sang with greater power and sweetness. Oh! how strangely the paraphernalia surrounding the stage belied her real condition. I did not dare to applaud, and only waved escaped my lips. My voice, added to the general encore, might bring on the terrible crisis. I was there ready to shed my blood to the last drop in her behalf, and what could she require more? To applaud on my part would have been mere mockery; so I sat mute and motionless, and Death and myself were the only quiet listeners as scene after scene, and act after act, glided on.

There was an awful period in the opera when, I knew, the lightning would flash vividly, and near enough to scorch, even if it did not kill. Love, anger and remorse, three of the stormiest passions of the human heart, were brought by the author to bear upon that particular scene. There centred the entire plot of the play; and when the countess reached the fatal spot, radiant with enthusiasm for her grand art, and throwing her very soul into the scale, the bolt suddenly fell. In the midst of a note* which might have inspired an angel chorister with envy, the blood gushed from her nostrils, and with a shriek of agony which made fair women swoon and strong men turn pale, she sank with a heavy thud to the stage.

The prompter rang down the curtain instantly, and in front all was dismay and confusion. The manager came forward and made use of the stereotyped apology for such unforeseen accidents. Though he proclaimed the illness of the countess as only transitory, his trembling voice, and face white as snow, told a far different story, and did not serve to quiet the fears of the audience. Then arose, above the dense mass of humanity, audible sobs and fervent whispers of heartfelt sympathy for the unhappy artiste's condition, followed by all leaving the house with the precision and solemn order of a funeral train.

As soon as the accident occurred, she was gently borne to her dressing-room, where, having leaped from the proscenium-box to the stage, followed by the entire season and professors, I was using my best skill an instant afterwards to stop the dreadful hemorrhage, which threatened her life. For half an hour I was not certain of success, though aided by the practical science of the surgeon and the advice of the worthy professor. Then a change for the better took place, and I knew I was victorious over Death for the time being. For her to have remained in her present quarters until morning would have proved fatal; so, bearing her in my arms as tenderly as I would a child, we soon gained the carriage, and were driven, as fast as the driver could urge his horses, to her palatial residence. I was obliged to use powerful stimulants to preserve her life during the short journey, and when we arrived she was in an alarming state of syncope. A courier, furnished with unlimited funds and the fleetest horse in Vienna, started at midnight to convey to the count the sad intelligence of his wife's illness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MYSTERIES OF TRANSFUSION.

The duties of the professor demanded his immediate return to Vienna, and the surgeon and myself watched by the bedside during the whole night. The fluttering pulse was scarcely discernible, and a looking-glass held to her lips showed only the slightest degree of moisture.

Several days must elapse before the count could possibly reach Vienna. I did not take the time to consider whether he would allow the vital fluid drawn from my plebeian veins to mingle with the blood of his patrician wife.

Doctor, I do not claim that the theory of transfusion was original with me. Years before I was born there were advocates of the cause both in France and Germany, whose rare experiments promised events which would startle the world. Transfusion tried with various animals seemed to prove a grand success, and promised to add a new chapter to the materia medica. As regarded the human family, the system was soon thrown aside as a failure. But transfusion had been my especial study for twelve years, and I felt sanguine I could remedy the faults of my predecessors. Even the surgeon, who was a matter-of-fact man, and generally opposed to any innovation in medical science, was dazzled with my views upon the subject, and promised to lend me every assistance in his power. Having won him to my belief, to have delayed the test longer would have been criminal.

Emotions such as had never thrilled my frame before flashed through me like the shocks from an electrical battery as I bared my arm to receive the puncture of the lancet. And yet fear was far from me, though my features were deathly pale, and I trembled like the leaves of the aspen. I had the most inviolable faith in my theory, and the emotions I felt were caused by the joyful idea that I was about to yield up a portion of my own life to preserve the Countess D'E——'s. The surgeon could not fail to notice how deeply I was agitated, and I was obliged to reassure him, in a tone of confidence, before he could proceed. He had the reputation of being one of the most skillful men in his profession, but great beads of sweat stood upon his forehead, and his face was as white as the snowy counterpane on which reposed the beautiful rounded arm of the fair invalid.

Nerving himself, he applied the lancet with careful precision, and the current of my life flowed through the golden tube to recuperate the veins of the countess. I felt a languid, dreamy sensation far beyond my ability to describe. The feeling much resembled the early stages of convalescence when I rose from the fever. And as I grew weaker and paler, the beautiful cheek of the countess dawned with a rosy flush, and her fluttering pulse beat with renewed vigor.

"Shall I proceed?" asked the surgeon in a whisper, as I reeled in the chair, and would have fallen to the floor had not his strong arm sustained me.

"If it will benefit her." I responded, "keep on to the very verge of dissolution." And he did so; for he was a practical man, and not easily frightened when there was a lofty purpose in view.

I reeled again, and I remember his calling me by name. Then all things grew dreamy, evanescent, shadowy, followed by the tinkling of myriads of bells and then an impenetrable blanket of total darkness.

When I was recalled back to consciousness, the countess was watching over my couch like a ministering angel. For the present our stations were changed. She was the physician now, and I, so recently a strong man, the helpless invalid. To my mind, only a few moments seemed to have flown since our situations were reversed, and yet for many days I had lain in a state of trance. Life was real once more, and I was about to speak, when she placed her finger to her lips, imposing silence.

"The physician says that for a few days, Rudolf, you and I must converse by signs, as we do every quiet. I know all. Such a deed was truly sublime. My husband or self can never repay or thank you sufficiently for the noble sacrifice."

"Those words, tender and endearing, cancel the debt a thousandfold," I responded, with my eyes. Her sweet voice had dispelled the shadows of the tomb.

"Hush! Believe me, the silence I am forced to impose causes as deep an anguish in my bosom as it does in thine. My husband will arrive within three days. Oh, Rudolf! the ties that will be formed in mutual between us, and far beyond the riches of the world. Nay, do not speak—my heart anticipates the very words you would reply."

The subdued tones in which the countess spoke were far more sweet than when I saw her on the lyric stage. Her charming attitude, and the eyes with gratitude bright as genius ever wore. Life of my life! if I had been gifted with the power to fathom the future, how gladly I would have died then. I was very weak, and I felt the burning thirst one experiences during a fever. She concocted me an invigorating drink, and with a gentle and feminine manner held the goblet to my parched lips. I slept for some hours, and awoke greatly refreshed. She was my constant attendant, and anticipated my every want. With such a nurse my recovery was assured. Hourly I grew stronger; and, though my cheek still retained its deathly paleness, even the count saw that I was able to set up in the bed and converse with the gentle woman who watched over my welfare.

Naturally, we talked of dear old Nuremberg and the happy hours of childhood, though I was careful not to reveal to the countess the story of our separation, or the cause of my father's insanity. It would have been cruel on my part to have dashed the cup of happiness from her lips. As a pure and virtuous wife she loved her husband dearly; and for her sake, though my wrongs at his hands bore heavily upon me, I forgave him from my heart.

The count reached the villa at the hour of midnight on the third day after I had recovered from the trance. He did not call upon me until the following morning, and during the interval the countess revealed to him the ordeal I had undergone to preserve her life. If we had met in any other place I should not have known him. Though young in years, like myself he had suffered much. His hair was sprinkled with gray, and time had planted upon his brow wrinkles that should rather have been worn by middle-age. I did not wonder at the change after what Wilfred Shaw had revealed to me in London of the terrible secrets connected with his family history.

Doctor, in my narrative I have ever stated that the count was a just and honorable man. He never knew me as his rival in striving to win the affections of the fair Susette Waghoner, and his suspicions of fraud in the diamond affair were perfectly natural. When he discovered the errors into which he had been led through the striking resemblance of a twin brother to himself, and from whom he had been severed since the hour of birth, he made every reparation possible. His deep regard for the man who bore the name of Jacques Legendre, when he learned how nearly they were related, made me think far better of him than I had before. They became by nature the original cause of my father's malady rose like a mountain in my path; but I sealed the dread barrier at last with the strong guides of cause and effect. Aside from this, his wife loved and honored him, and it would have broken her heart if I had proclaimed the relationship. Between the mountain, and there were strong men near who restrained me, or, proud and noble-born as he was, I would have struck him to the earth. I remember that he was nearly wild with passion, and seemed to have grown twenty years older during the fortnight since he had parted the best of friends.

"Show him the work of his hands!" the count hissed through his hard-clenched teeth, "and then let him vindicate himself if he can!"

Wordless, fettered with groves, I was conducted to the mad-house, and with the gleaming eyes of despair I saw her behind bars of iron. The horror of that fearful sight has never faded from my memory. Handsomer than ever, and vigorous with health, but playing with a child's doll, and constantly babbling the name "Rudolf!"

Then the strength of Hercules seemed to invigorate my frame, and ere they could prevent me, I turned and smote him with my iron fetters. I saw his blood spout from a ghastly wound, and then they struck me down, and my life was a blank for many years.

At length I recovered consciousness and freedom, though for a long time I was obliged to bathe the world with a dull and plodding intellect. By degrees I reacquired a portion of my former skill as a lapidary, and I became a wanderer in many lands, thinking change of scene would eventually blot my past misfortunes from memory.

The blow I had struck the Count D'E—— proved fatal, and the once happy Susette Waghoner died during her incarceration in the mad-house. To the last the light of reason never dawned in her beautiful face again. These are the terrible reminiscences, yet the truth should be revealed. I need not revert to the cause of my coming here, for with that portion of my history, Doctor, you are well informed.

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Doctor, my story is told.

Believe me, in the worst of natures there is a germ of goodness that sympathy and kind words will render pliant; and the heart must be as hard as nether millstone, if barren of the holy attribute of charity for all.

THE END.

"TOO THIN."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. J. GRANT.

A man once sought to end his years
By drowning; but was full of fears
The water might fill up his ears—
"Too thin!"

A tippler held a glass of rum
Betwixt his index and his thumb;
Then tasted, spit, and said "Ahum!"
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And died; then came the verdict "Null."
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"I've stowed a 'scrip' in here, some place!"
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A young man sought a gentle spouse,
And visited a lady's house;
Beheld her waist—*Nichts kein heraus!*
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The hash we get is truly rare,
Thanks to the cook, so sweet, so fair;
But, oh, such horrid yellow hair—
"Too thin!"

One day I probed the blissful bowl,
Lay down, and believe me, on my soul!
A snake slipped through my button-hole—
"Too thin!"

Titusville, Pa., 1874.

THE VARIETY SINGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Had she ever heard of people starving to death? Had she not read of such things in newspapers or books, while she sat, after dinner, by a bright fire in a cheerful, cozy room? A voice within her that smote her conscience now whispered: "Yes; often." But she had never felt that such things *were*, till now.

"What selfish creatures we are!" she said. "Men and women have actually starved to death in this great city, and in many others, and yet I never realized it until it came so near home."

She drew one of the chairs more closely about her with a shudder, and glanced around the desolate, cheerless room in which she stood.

"Hark! Was that a step upon the stairs? Yes!"

It comes nearer, passes her door, and goes up a flight higher. A weary, faint sigh announces her disappointment. Her husband!—she longs for his return, yet dreads it. Dreads that tell-tale face, dreads to see the despair that is written more plainly on it from day to day. Loving him, longing for his return, and yet trembling with hope and fear when he does come. "The hope that's wrapped around the fearful," and she gives it full play, as it were, "to keep it from breaking on its journey through life." *Her* heart is wellnigh broken. Sorrow for herself, a greater sorrow for him. The struggle so hard to her—harder, she thinks, to him, who knows it for the first time, for money!

"Money!" she mutters in a agony of despair. What a frightful power there *is* in money! All this suffering, this anxious, wretched suspense, would vanish if we only had money."

"Yes," replied her husband dolefully; "an offer of an engagement. And you are to pay your own fare out—he doesn't advance fares."

Pay her own expenses out to Montana! Ask her to pay the national debt.

"But you know, Dick, anyway I *couldn't* go," said the girl sadly, after a moment's pause. The young man sighed wearily, and, depositing himself on one of the trunks, sat there looking at his wife with a thoughtful expression in his face. He was weighing something in his mind. His wife sat huddled on the bed, shivering, for the day was bitter cold, and there was no fire in the room; and she too was thoughtful, and busy weighing something in *her* mind. At last her husband broke the silence to ask a most unnecessary question:

"Mary, are you hungry?"

"No, Dick; no!" With a burst of tears, she arose and fell sobbing on his neck. * * * *

Night had come, and with it a cold, drizzling rain; and the variety-singer's husband, buttoning his shabby overcoat about him, shuddering his tatterer hat down over his long eyes—he whom, with christian fortitude, I had forgiven for her sake—and his mildest words rated me as a villain and charlatan. This dreadful truth appalled me. The Countess D'E—— was an inmate of the mad-house at Vienna, and her case was pronounced incurable. I determined to return to the Austrian capital immediately, and clear myself of the unjust charges made by the count. Any devotee of science is liable to make mistakes, though I could not comfort myself with such a thought. I had perilled my own life to save hers, and yet the terrible result was frightful to contemplate. Even while I came in contact with the haughty patrician, my brain was on fire, and fierce and angry were the words which passed between us.

Remorse for her dreadful condition was haunting my heart, though the true dignity of manhood remained. She had insulted me with the foul name of Satan, and there were strong men near who restrained me, or, proud and noble-born as he was, I would have struck him to the earth. I remember that he was nearly wild with passion, and seemed to have grown twenty years older during the fortnight since he had parted the best of friends.

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Titusville, Pa., 1874.

UNDERGROUND LIFE IN LONDON.

A "Lively Match" of Terriers Against Rats.

"Old English sport revived! A rare treat for the fancy. On Sunday night next, at Jerry Fisher's Pike and Whistle, Grubway street, Spitalfields. A gent, well known in sporting circles, will, on the above date, back the Pipemaker's celebrated dog Mustard to turn up forty full-grown rats against any other animal in the world. Weight and age no object. In the event of no more suitable offer being made, Mr. Balcher will take up the gauntlet to the tune of a tenner in behalf of his one-eyed wonder, Vixen, receiving two rats of his antagonist. Match at half-past 8. Free use of the pit afterward. Plenty of lively rats on hand at reasonable billings per dozen. A good sprinkling of the 'right sort' is confidently expected. N. B.—Keep this dark."

It was only on my promise that I would scrupulously observe the mysterious injunction with which the above attractive advertisement concluded, that the number of the "fancy" to whom I was introduced ventured to entrust me with the three inches by two of limp cardboard, without which a vain pilgrimage might be made to Grubway street, and to the Pipe and Whistle. It was nearly 8 o'clock on the Saturday evening when, after wandering through the mazes that lie behind and in the neighborhood of Spitalfield's Church, I at last discovered Grubway street and the Pike and Whistle. There was the sign, the Pike and Whistle; and even when I stood for a moment hesitating, there arrived an individual who might have been recognized as undoubtedly one of the fancy—a lean, hungry-looking man, with a patched and tattered black coat, buttoned up to his chin, and a battered old hat, perched jauntily atop of his oily turned-under side-locks. He was not alone. By means of a stout leather lash he hauled along, very much against its will, seemingly, a monstrous, bullet-headed, bandy-legged bull-dog, with bloodshot eyes, and jaws of breadth and depth made safe for the time by means of a muzzle. The bull-dog was better off than his master, however, in the matter of clothing. With tenderest care its muscular carcass was enveloped in a manly overcoat of horsecloth, daintily bound with yellow braid. The man with the bull-dog made a brief halt at the bar, and I, having done pretty much as he did there, followed his example when he turned into a passage, and entered as a door on which "Parlor" was inscribed, the idea at the moment crossing my mind that "Pit Entrance" would have been more appropriate.

The pit was not here. This was the ordinary evening resort for members of the fancy in the neighborhood, where they assemble to smoke their pipes and compare canine notes. There were a few at the table, among the pots and glasses, dogs on men's knees, or cuddled like new-born babies under the breast-flaps of their master's coats, dogs tied to the rails of chairs and to the legs of tables. Some of them were worth a pound at least, full-fed and sleek, having a bright coat and a handsome collar of brass or silver plated ornamentation, which the dog's humble two-legged attendant kept bright by a frequent rub with his pocket-handkerchief or the cuff of his coat.

In almost every instance the men took their "style" as regards the cut of their hair and whiskers, from their dogs. It was the bull-dog men who wore their hair cropped as close as a pair of scissors could be made to bite at it, and who even seemed to cultivate the bull-dog short lear, and sat with their arms bowed on the table before them, as the bull-dogs' legs are bowed, and snapped at their beer as the other animal snaps at his meat. The terrier men were even more remarkable for their likeness to their proteges. They wore their hair brushed back at the top, so as to show a bold, bald forehead, and brought it straight at the sides to the front again, in imitation of a terrier's spiky ears.

The place where the coming battle was about to be fought appeared to be an ancient skittle-alley, long disused on account of leakage in the roof and other defects, and now only put to service for dog-fights and stowing lumber. The "pit," so called, was a space of the common floor, inclosed on all sides by boarding to a height of about three feet. Nothing in the shape of sitting-room was provided. Those who were specially privileged occupied the front row, and either squatted or knelt down in a convenient position for holding the dogs, so that they might have an uninterrupted view of the rat slaughter. At opposite corners of the pit a little extra space was reserved for the gent well-known in sporting circles, and for the Pipemaker, who, during the preliminaries, was hugging Mustard to his bosom, and seemingly endeavoring to incite that canine hero to do his very best by whispering in its ear protestations of love and friendship. Mr. Balcher was in the front row, too, but in the wonderful one-eyed Vixen was not at present his companion. Like a wary general, and as he himself afterwards confessed, he had "planted his dawg in a quiet part of the 'ouse' until Mustard had cut out the work, so that he might't ha his blood in the excitement of looking at what the t'other one was doing."

And now there stepped into the pit a lanky youth, who, on ordinary occasions, officiated as potboy on the premises; but who, in tight-fitting trousers and jacket, was at present entrusted with the responsible office of master of the rating ceremonies. He had no stick or staff, however—nothing but a piece of chalk, the use of which I presently discovered. Then Mr. Jerry Fisher appeared with a huge square iron-wire cage under his arm, and the cage was full of rats—lively ones, too, judging from the manner in which they scrambled over each other's backs and poked their restless noses through the bars. The sight of the rats was the signal for every terrier present to be afflicted with temporary raving madness, and each one writhed in his master's arms and set up such a deafening din as must have made the heart of the stoutest rat in the cage quail with fear. The Pipemaker called "Time," and Mr. Fisher, advancing to the pit, opened the door of the cage, and, with an amount of coolness that made one's heart beat, plunged his hand among the now panic-stricken mass of rats, and plucked them out by the "scruff" of the neck, or by their tails, and threw them into the pit, where the man with the piece of chalk kept count until forty were thrown in.

They made a rush to one corner, and there they swarmed, mounting over each other, and hiding their scarlet eyes under each other's armpits, and still piling up the heap until, in form of a sugar-loaf, it reached two feet high at least. The Pipemaker's dog did not bark now. With every muscle of his intelligent little face quivering, and his ears sharp-pricked forward, Mustard eyed the proceedings, and seemed to be jealously counting the number of his enemies as they were thrown in, lest he should be cheated of one of them. Then watches were produced, and the Pipemaker held his dog by the shoulders.

"Say 'when,' said he. "Now!" sharply exclaimed Jerry Fisher, and then in a flash Mustard was among the rats.

Mustard drew on the rat-bank with the caution of one who has doubts of the stability of his account there. He didn't disturb the base of the heap; he plucked down the topmost ones, made one snap at their unlucky loins, set his fore-teet down hard, gave them a vigorous shake, and dropped them without further concern.

The rats, with loud squeals, dispersed all over the pit. The Pipemaker—who I certainly think was in error—and Mustard were at issue. "Yah, hi! collar 'em, lad, collar 'em!" yelled the Pipemaker, and Mustard promptly gave way, and made a running fight of it, dashing here and there with amazing swiftness, his every rush dart coasting a rat's life. Mustard presently began to grow somewhat flurried, and to now and then shake a rat, and leave it in the belief that it was dead, whereas it had yet a tiny glimmer of life in it. When the attendant in the pit suspected this, he took a bit of chalk and made a mark on the board at the doubtful rat's head and at its tail, and if it was found to move in the least out of these boundaries it was counted a live rat, and "one to the bad."

There was one rat, not a very large one, but whose tremendous teeth and gray whiskers proclaimed him a veteran, and who at this point had escaped Mustard's ravenous jaws. There were three in a corner, and the terrier, who evidently had a relish for rats in corners, made a rush there, intending to make short work of them. The gray-whiskered animal was one of the trio, and, seeing Mustard's glaring eyes, feeling his hot, murderous breath, perhaps, he did a desperately plucky thing. He sprang at Mustard's very jaws, and, fixing his keen, white teeth in the dog's under lip, hung there.

Now, indeed, was the excitement of the sportsmen of the pit immense. In vain he hook and plunged and coaxed and endeavored to scratch off the rat with his fore paws; the creature clung fast. A good ten seconds at least had been already cut to waste. That share in the "tenner," of which he had made so sure, was growing each moment more and more improbable in the mind of the sponsor. Pipemaker. "Oh! collar 'em, boy, collar 'em!" The tone in which the appeal was made had an instantaneous effect on the gallant Mustard. With a short, sharp bark, that sounded not unlike "I will, I will"—for all that, the rat still clung to his lip, causing it to bleed free; he went to the enemy again, and, before he could be counted, tackled and killed five. The gray-whiskered tormentor lost his hold, and then, quick as lightning, Mustard pinned him, and he was among the slain. There remained but eight of the rats to dispose of, and simultaneously with Mustard shaking the life out of the last of these, Jerry Fisher called "Time"—three minutes and three quarters.

Then the dead were collected and the pit brushed out, and Mr. Balcher produced his "little wonder," the one-eyed Vixen, and Mr. Fisher was ready with thirty-eight more lively rats—two being allowed him on account of his admitted inferiority. It was evident from the first that he was an overrated animal. He was a younger dog than Mustard, and, despite his one eye, better-looking, which, probably, in some degree, accounted for the fatal vanity that marred his proceedings. He would go in at a furious rate, tumbling over his rats like nine-pins, but after such display of talent he would lose many precious moments in self-gratulatory barking. Mr. Balcher waxed terribly wroth at these times. With horrible imprecations he shook his great fist at the wonder, and cried to him to "hold his jaw and get on with his work." He remonstrated with him with signs as well as words, snapping his own jaws and shaking his head in the manner of shaking a rat, until his hair was all over his eyes and he was hoarse with rage and shouting. It was not until it was too late, however, that the Vixen could be brought to take sufficiently serious view of the matter, and the Pipemaker's Mustard was declared the victor by at least a quarter of a minute.

DON'T BUCK AG'IN THE TIGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"And so," says I, "if it be true
What the Parson said to me and you,
That playin' Keno, Faro, an' Poker,
An' buckin' ag'in the little Joker,
Are a sin an' a shame for sensible men
To foller up, why, old Pard, then
We'd better let gamblin' alide.

"'Cause why? Ef we never do wot's right,
D'ye see, old man, we'd best a blame sight
Never been born to live down here;
For unless we keep our conscience clear,
When Gabbriel blows his horn, why we
'Ll be cooked forever; an' so, you see,
We'd better let gamblin' alide."

But he were stubornser nor a mule,
For he'd never spent an hour in skule,
What they larn young shavers not to be so;
So he wasn't to blame, for he didn't know
No better; but soon he lost all he had—
His stocks an' his health—an' went to the bad,
'Cause he didn't let gamblin' alide.

An' now he flls a grave, while I
Am rich an' prosp'rous; but ef'en sigh
Fer my stubborn Pard, who allus said,
"Oh, dash the Parson," an' shook his head
When I spoke to him ag'in gamblin' with cards,
An' allus said, "'Taint no use, old Pard;
I can't let gamblin' alide."

May the great Jedge of all who rules above,
Who the Parson says is the Father of Love,
Jedge lightly my Pard, which I loved so—
'Cause *he'd* a' done right, but how could he know?
Which was right, when he had no chance to larn
An' allus let done wrong, he meant no harm
In not lettin' gamblin' alide.

An' now, young feller, if it be true
What the Parson says to me and you,
That playin' Keno, Faro, an' Poker,
An' buckin' agin the little Joker,
Is a sin an' a shame fer sensible men
To foller up, why, young feller, then
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New York, Feb. 13, 1874. JAY BROOK.

THE MAN ON THE WALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY T. A. HARCOURT.

There is no more picturesque spot in Europe than the ancient university town of Heidelberg. Situated at the mouth of the great gorge from which the rapid Neckar, lovely as fresh, laughing girl, eddying over its sunken rocks towards the Rhine, this quaintest of quaint towns has lain century after century under the shadow of the vine-clad hills, with its face to the setting sun.

Like an old-fashioned, sober look about all German towns, and the traveler must pass through many such before reaching Heidelberg; but for all that he will not find himself prepared for the almost mediæval appearance of things that greets his gaze as he enters the city. There is nothing new or modern about the place; the many-gabled houses, the crooked, narrow streets, the gigantic ruin that beetles above the town, all belong to a past age; even the inhabitants seem to be at least a century behind the rest of the world. There is no jarring trade in the streets, no bustle of business here; the very atmosphere seems impregnated with a rich odor of romance, learning, quiet and refinement. Should the reader, however, imagine that by "quiet" I mean "dullness," I hasten to correct the impression with the assurance that there is no mode of pleasure-seeking more intensely fascinating at the time, or attended with more joyous reminiscences in after years, than student life in Heidelberg, and I know whereof I affirm.

It was in August, and towards the close of my second year at the University, that the events I am about to relate transpired. At this particular season the town was always filled with the sisters, cousins, mothers, and aunts of the English, French, and American students. They never stayed with us long: but their visit, brief as it was, sufficed to make the sleepy old town rub its eyes and appear lively, and even dissipated, although it never failed to relapse into its normal state of dreamy repose as soon as they were gone.

It had been a lovely day. The Anlage had been crowded with pretty faces and tasteful costumes the wh

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

COMPILED AND WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

TEN YEARS AGO.

A Reminiscence of the Visit of J. Wilkes Booth to St. Joseph.

[The St. Joseph, Mo., *Morning Herald* has been permitted to make the following extract from the private journal of Col. M. F. Tiernan, a former well-known citizen of St. Joseph, now a resident of Cameron. It was written just ten years ago, and will be perused with interest by readers of THE CLIPPER.]

[Journal.]

ST. JOSEPH, Jan. 5, 1864—10½ o'clock P. M.

At the Pacific House to day I was introduced to the versatile and irrepressible J. Wilkes Booth. He has quite a handsome face, a good phrenological development, gracious manners, and a form of almost perfect symmetry. His peculiarity of language and style of expression were suggestive of a calling to which he has devoted his early manhood, and in the pursuit of which he has acquired a reputation more or less favorable. The ordinary formalities of a first acquaintance were soon dispensed with, and we found ourselves in the midst of an earnest conversation, free from all appearance of restraint or distrust. Although I sought to engage his attention with dramatic literature, he persistently recurred to the civil war, and reviewed the situation with more severity and prejudice than justice or judgment. He uttered the bitterest invectives against the Northern people, and invoked, with desperate energy, the fiercest execrations upon "the doomed head of old Lincoln. His fiery enthusiasm and ardent devotion to the South seemed to inspire him with a wild and restless ambition; and the kindling eye, full of emotion, reflected the intensity of his feelings and sympathies. I never saw a sane man more completely under the influence of those elements of character that have made or marred the fortunes of heroes and adventurers.

Owing to the proximity of some Federal officers, and my own precarious position with the military authorities, I was anxious to change the current of his thoughts, and, with an apt quotation from Shakespeare, finally induced him to refrain from any further allusion to the subject, and, after some general remarks, elicited from him an animated and really interesting criticism on the eminent tragedians of Europe and America. His high appreciation of and decided preference for Forrest, as contrasted with Macready, afforded only another evidence of that national prejudice which the superior genius, elegant culture and unsurpassed elocution of the great English tragedian so often rebuked, but could never overcome. I refrained from any discussion of the relative merits of the two famous actors; and, at Booth's request, offered some cursory views upon the subject of elocution, especially in the development of Shakespearian beauties, and the difficulty of obtaining proficiency in this valuable art. With regard to public reading generally, but particularly the productions of the inspired master of the English drama, I remarked that very few persons had any adequate comprehension of the intense study and unremitting labor such an undertaking involved. To a thorough knowledge and conception of the immortal poet's unrivaled works must be united that consummate elocution which the most careful reflection, diligent practice, and peculiar natural adaptation alone can attain. How very rare an accomplishment to read even ordinary productions with proper spirit and energy; to give expression not only to the sense, but the passion, feeling and sentiment of the author; to light up in the minds of others bright thoughts reflected from nobler intellects, and awaken charming emotions by the magic power of the human voice. There are very, very few that combine the physical and mental qualifications essential to the character even of an agreeable reader; and the possession of this elegant art, in anything like perfection, is among the rarest of human endowments. "Excellent, excellent!" he exclaimed, and with marked emphasis, added, "Why cannot the world understand the true nature and dignity of our noble profession?" He then assured me that under no circumstances would he accept any excuse for my failure to attend his reading at Corby's Hall this evening. I promised and fulfilled. The room was uncomfortably cold, and the audience restless, and at times annoying. Booth's rendition of Hamlet's soliloquy and of his address to the players were palpable failures. His voice is good, but deficient in training. He has not acquired that soft and touching modulation, that wonderfully thrilling power of intonation, that distinguished the performances of his gifted father. The truth is, he exhibited no facility in the management of his voice, or the appropriate and harmonious application of sound to sense and feeling. The effect he sought to produce by tragic starts, stage mannerism, and unseemly contortions of face, with that stately stride of voice, always pompous and unnatural, only served to render his presumptuous attempt more ludicrous. This young man has some histrionic talent, but not one spark of genius. He has not acquired that soft appearance is prepossessing, and his mien graceful and manly. The performance, with this exception, was a disappointment throughout. I cannot, with any confidence, predict for him an illustrious career. Although the impression I received on this occasion was unfavorable, for the love and respect I bear his great father's memory, and for his own sake, I trust he may acquire and maintain an honorable and lucrative position.

JENNIE LEE.

BY ROBERT MCKAY.

On the margin of the woodland,
Where its shadows softly thrown,
Can be seen a little cottage,
With sweet flowers overgrown;
There abides a blue-eyed darling
Who is all the world to me—
Fairer than her pretty flowers
Is the witching Jennie Lee.

Chorus.—Love you, darling! Yes, I love you,
Dearer far than wealth or power.
What were either if you did not
Share them, my sweet wildwood flower?

Bluest eyes, and wavy tresses
Golden as the Summer sun,
Has this merry, madcap maiden,
Who is ever full of fun.
How I love to sit and listen
To the mirthful melody,
Sounding in the happy laughter
Of bewitching Jennie Lee.

Chorus.—Love you darling? Yes, I love you, etc.

THE ELDER BOOTH "EXCITED."

Below we present a bill of the old Tremont Theatre, Boston, dated May, 1843, and less than two months before the close of that establishment. The play was "Richard III," with the elder Booth in his great impersonation of Richard. Mr. B. Wentworth, who contributes this bill, and who was present at the performance, says: "Although but a 'chick' of twelve years, I well remember that memorable performance. Booth was in one of his 'excited' moods, and played with much 'spirit.' In his fencing scene with W. H. Smith—or, as he was afterwards known, 'Sedley'—who personated Richmond, Booth became more excited than he basked for his sword, the blade going across the stage to the footlights; but he rushed down after it, and with the bare blade renewed the fight. It was a question at one time which would be the victor, Richard or Richmond; as it was, the latter was in serious danger from the furious attacks of the bloody Duke of Gloster." In 1828, when Mr. Booth was acting manager of the Tremont, the Tremont Association presented him with a silver cup and plate. On the cup was this inscription: "The Tremont Theatre Association in token of respect to J. B. Booth, Esq., Boston, Oct. 28, 1828."

TREMONT THEATRE.

Prices—Boxes, 50 cents; pit, 25 cents; proscenium boxes, $1; third tier, 37½ cents; gallery, 12½ cents.

J. S. JONES, Lessee.

First appearance for six years of

MR. BOOTH.

The manager has great satisfaction in announcing to the patrons of the drama an engagement, for five nights only, with the above celebrated tragedian.

Shakespeare's tragedy of

RICHARD III.

Duke of Gloster.....Mr. Booth
MR. W. H. SMITH in his favorite character or Richmond.

Doors open at 7, and the performance will commence at half-past 7 o'clock precisely.

THIS EVENING, MONDAY, MAY 8, 1843,
will be performed Shakespeare's popular historical tragedy, in 5 acts, entitled

RICHARD III.

Or THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD.

Richard, Duke of Gloster	Mr. Booth
Earl of Richmond	Mr. Chapman
Mr. W. H. Smith	Lord Mayor	Mr. Chapman
King Henry Sixth	Lieut. of the Tower	Mr. Millot
Mr. Gilbert	Oxford	Mr. Millot
Duke of Buckingham	Tirrell	Mr. Thomas
Mr. Ayling	Prince of Wales	Mrs. Ayling
Lord Stanley	Mr. J. Greene	Duke of York	Miss Thomas
Pressel	Mr. Leman	Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. H. Cramer
Catesby	Mr. Hughes		
Ratcliff	Mr. Benson	Lady Ann	Mrs. J. Greene
Duke of Norfolk		Duchess of York	Mrs. Gilbert
Mr. G. Howard			

To conclude (first time this season) with the laughable farce, called

STATE SECRETS.

Or THE TAILOR OF TAMWORTH.

Gregory Thimblewell	Humphrey Hedgehog
Mr. Chapman	Mr. Benson
Hugh Neville	Mr. Leman	Robert	Mr. Thomas
Calverton Hal	Maud Thimblewell
Mr. G. Howard	Mrs. Gilbert
Letty	Miss Parker

Tuesday—Mr. Booth's second night.

THE POLICY GUARD.

TO RED. HARRIGAN,
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Oh, white folks, gaze upon us—
Two crows out on a lark—
We's gwine upon a nic-pic
Way up to Lion Park.
Our captain's name is Johnson,
A nobby black-and-tan;
He carries a razor for a sword,
And is a fighting man.

Chorus.—Then march, boys, march, and shoulder muskets, too,
From Thompson street through South Fifth avenue;
The big bass drum will sound a grand tatoo
As we tramp, tramp, tramp in the Policy Guard.

Oh, hear those Dutch wind-jammers
Playing St. Cuffee's Day.
And the feller with the big bass-drum
Is throwing it himself away.
The wenches on the sidewalks—
Oh, don't they grin and smile
To see us roosters walking
In the military style.

Chorus.—Then march, boys, etc.

When we get home at night, boys,
We's bound to know the worst;
We'll make a rush for the policy shop,
To see what number's first;
And if we get a gig, boys,
Or strike them very hard,
'Tween you and me, there'll be a spree
Among the Policy Guard.

Chorus.—Then march, boys, etc.

Bridgeport, Ct.

SANFORD'S MINSTRELS IN 1854.

Samuel S. Sanford's name has been identified with minstrelsy ever since that floods tide of popularity set in in favor of that species of entertainment. He has met with many reverses, yet he picks his flint and tries it again. Some twenty years ago he was proprietor of the Opera-house at Twelfth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, where his performances were well attended; but a week before Christmas, 1853, his house was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $18,000 upon the irrepressible Sanford. Pending negotiations for a new site, he reorganized his company, and started out on a traveling expedition. The following programme, contributed by Billy Grew of Toledo, O., is of a performance given in Cleveland. Several of those who appeared on that occasion have long since paid the debt of nature, and now "sleep with their fathers." S. S. Sanford is at present stage-manager at Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia. The company, it will be seen, was one of the best ever organized.

MELODEON HALL,
FOR A FEW NIGHTS ONLY.
The far-famed
SANFORD'S NEW ORLEANS OPERA TROUPE,
comprising three corps of musicians, comedians and vocalists, consolidated into one company, making their entertainments inimitable, unapproachable and original.

The manager begs leave to acquaint the citizens of Cleveland and vicinity, that the above
MAMMOTH TROUPE OF ARTISTS
will give a few operatic entertainments in the above hall, commencing on
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 11, 1854.

SANFORD'S TROUPE is as ever, comprising all the leading performers in the profession, and the success of the troupe in England, Ireland and Scotland, and the past twelve years in the United States, and recently of "Sanford's Opera-house," Philadelphia (which was destroyed by fire, Dec. 19, 1853), have been the universal theme of admiration, and pronounced by the clergy, the press, and the people.

THE MOST UNIQUE PERFORMERS IN THE WORLD!

THE COMPANY.—Messrs. Collins, Rainer, Lynch, Wyatt, Master Sanford, Holden, Sanford, Cool White, Amici, King, Kavanagh, and

R. H. SLITER,

the renowned CHAMPION DANCER of the world, whose performance with "Sanford's Troupe" at his Opera-house, Philadelphia, for 18 successive months, has established him the greatest favorite that has ever appeared in that city, will appear nightly in three of his dances.

THE WHOLE TROUPE APPEAR NIGHTLY IN THEIR RESPECTIVE ROLES.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Overture	Orchestra
Opening Chorus	Sanford's Troupe
Comic Rondo—Frog Pond	Kavanagh
Hazel Dell	Lynch
I Lub My Lub in the Morning	Collins
My Old Cottage Home (new)	Rainer
Ladies, Won't You Be Mine	Cool White
Speak of the Man as You Find Him	Rainer
Villikens and His Dinah	Sanford
Southern Refrain	Company

PART II.

Dance—La Cisilen	Master Sanford
Glee	Messrs. Rainer, Collins, Lynch and Kavanagh
Burlesque Fling	R. H. Sliter
Solo, Double Bass	Signor Amici
Banjo Solo	Collins
Ballad	Lynch
Bob Ridley	R. H. Sliter
Duet—Moonlight	Lynch and Rainer
Polka National	Master Sanford
Song	Rainer
Sliter's Champion Jig	R. H. Sliter

To conclude with the burlesque,

MARIO AND GRISI.

Collins	as	Grisi	Kavanagh as Susini
Lynch	as	Mario	Sanford as Candi
Rainer	as	Bad of Cool White	as Rocco

Doors open at 7; Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock. Admittance, 25 cents. Gentlemen unaccompanied with Ladies to Dress-circle will be charged 12½ cents extra.

"I BEAR IT LIKE A LAMB."

"SWELL" SONG.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO "JEFFE" THE HUMORIST.

I tells a tale's before you
Who's "some" on style, you see;
A concentrated extract
Of "sweet gentility."
So much attention I receive,
"Pon honah, 'tis no sham!
It almost overwhelms me, but
I "bear it like a lamb."

Chorus.—I'm, you see, the "nobby boy" the ladies all adore.

As I saunter up and down before some drygoods store;
They throw such killing looks at me, flirt handerchief and fan,
I never get excited, though, but "bear it like a lamb."

I go to balls and *soirees*, too,
Or some such high-toned "crush;"
I just stand in the corner, and
The ladies for me rush.
They all want me to favor them
For "just once" with my hand;
Of course, it's dreadful trying, but
I "bear it like a lamb."

Chorus.—I'm, you see, the nobby boy, etc.

To picnics, too, I often go,
Though all the games I shirk;
For croquet's rather tiresome,
And swinging girls is *work*;
But when the *luncheon* comes around,
Why, then's the time I "cram,"
Till some may say I'm "piggish," but
I "bear it like a lamb."

Chorus.—I'm, you see, the nobby boy, etc.

That I'm a perfect piece of patience,
You must all agree;
No matter what my hardships are,
They never worry me.
Why, even when I meet a friend,
And we both take a "dram,"
If he insists on paying whew so.
He has a quiet way
I "bear it like a lamb."

Chorus.—I'm, you see, the nobby boy, etc.

I never earned a penny yet
At work of any kind;
For labor is a thing, you know,
Which isn't to my mind.
A wife I *could* support, I think,
If she'd money, house and land;
If such a one proposes, why
I'll "bear it like a lamb."

Chorus.—I'm, you see, the nobby boy, etc.

EL-EFRO PLATO.

THE HARLEQUIN AND THE POET.

Dominic, the incomparable harlequin of the Italian Theatre, was for having some Latin verses put under a print of him, and goes to Santeuil, the celebrated Latin poet, who abruptly asked him who he was, what brought him, and who sent him, and immediately shut the door against him. Dominic, perceiving that such a humorist was not to be dealt with in the common way of address, leaves him and comes again to the cloister, dressed in his harlequin habit and mask, with a scarlet cloak over it. He knocked at the door; and the poet, after bidding him come in five or six times to no purpose, cried out: "If thou art the devil, come in." Dominic, then throwing off his cloak, stalks in. This stopped Santeuil's mouth; he stared, with his arms stretched, imagining it was no other than the devil. Dominic, having stood for some time in a posture correspondent to the poet's terror, began to trip it about the room with a thousand diverting antics. This removed all Santeuil's apprehensions of an infernal visitor; and that he started up and fell to the same gesticulations. Dominic, seeing the sport take, drew his wooden sword and gave him several slaps on the cheeks, shoulders and fingers, which Santeuil, a little netted, endeavored to return with his fists, but his adversary was too nimble for him. Then Dominic loosened his girt, and Santeuil, taking off his amictus, the harlequin and the monk fell to swinging each other, till the monk, finding his adversary above his match, called out, "Well, if you are the devil, I must know your name." "My name?" answered Dominic. "I am the Santeuil of the Italian Theatre." "Odds fish! is it so?—then," replied Santeuil, "I am the Dominic of St. Victor's." Upon which Dominic, unmasking, after a hearty embrace, told Santeuil he wanted a Latin inscription for his picture; and Santeuil immediately gave him—*Castigat ridendo Mores.*

PAINTED FLOWERS.

BY COZ.

Beautiful wreaths of flowers, indeed,
Beneath thy hand have grown;
Fragrance, in truth, they only need
To vie with the garden's own.

Chorus—Touch them again with living light,
And they shall breathe
Kiss but thy flowers, and they shall breathe
A fragrance worthy thee.

Love's fair offer the petals speak,
But fairer thy dewy lip;
Deceived, the bees may for sweetness seek,
But I may true nectar sip.

Chorus—Touch them again, etc.

Delicate is the melting blue
Thy pencil here portrays,
Rivals it not the heavenly hue
Thy soul-lit eye displays.

Chorus—Touch them again, etc.

Symbols of truth all else above
Are flowers' peculiar meed;
Symbols of gentleness and love—
Thyself art, here indeed.

Chorus—Touch them again, etc.

THE ELDER VANDENHOFF'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT IN BOSTON, MASS.

John Vandenhoff made his first appearance in America on Sept. 11, 1837, acting Coriolanus at the National Theatre, New York, then under the management of the late J. W. Wallack. After fulfilling a brief engagement he visited the neighboring cities. We present a copy of the bill upon the occasion of his benefit and last appearance at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, Mass., where he had commenced an engagement on Dec. 4, 1837. Of those in the cast, E. L. Davenport is now starring in the New England circuit; W. F. Johnson, an admirable actor of old men, died at Milwaukee, Wis., July 17, 1859; James E. Murdoch is giving readings in our principal cities; T. S. Cline died in New York, June 9, 1843, at the age of 30 years; Peter C. Cunningham went to Australia, and, we believe, died there some years ago; Charles Muzzy died at Auburn, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1852; David Whiting is now a member of Daly's Fifth avenue Theatre company, New York; David A. Sarzedas was stage-manager for John Bates in his Western circuit for a number of years, and, if living, is probably residing in Cincinnati, O. We are of the opinion that Mr. Bayne, who played the First Actor, was Walter McPherson Bayne, a talented scenic artist, who appeared occasionally upon the boards. He lived to the age of 64 years, at Boston, in May, 1859. George H. Andrews died in New York, April 7, 1866. John Gilbert is now a member of the company at Wallack's Theatre. Mrs. Helen Muzzy died at Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1870. Mrs. Hough, now known by her maiden name—Miss Emily Mestayer—is a member of the company of the Union-square Theatre, New York. Mrs. John Gilbert died in New York April 27, 1866. Miss McBride died in Boston in June, 1846. Mr. Finn, who was underlined to shortly play a star engagement, was lost on the steamer Lexington, which was burnt on Long Island Sound, Jan. 10, 1840, almost in sight of his own home at Newport, R. I.

TREMONT THEATRE.

MR. VANDENHOFF'S BENEFIT,

and his last appearance, on which occasion he will sustain, for the first time in this city, the characters of Hamlet and Young Wilding.

Doors open at 6 o'clock, and the performance will commence precisely at half-past 6.

THIS EVENING, FRIDAY, DEC. 15, 1837,

will be performed Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy of

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hamlet	Mr. Vandenhoff	Francisco	Mr. Sarzedas
Claudius, king of Den-		First Actor	Mr. Bayne
mark	Mr. Davenport	First Gravedigger	Mr. Andrews
Polonius	Mr. Johnson		
Laertes	Mr. Murdoch	The Ghost	Mr. Gilbert
Horatio	Mr. Cline	Lords, Guards, etc.	
Rosencrantz	Mr. Cunningham	Queen Gertrude	Mrs. Muzzy
Guildenstern	Mr. Powell	Ophelia	Mrs. Houpt
Osric	Mr. Muzzy	Actress	Mrs. Gilbert
Marcellus	Mr. Whiting	Ladies, etc.	

During the evening the orchestra will play the overtures to Gustavus by Auber, and Brother and Sister by Bishop.

To conclude with, first time for several years, the laughable farce of

THE LIAR.

Young Wilding	Mr. Vandenhoff		
Old Wilding	Mr. Johnson	Walter	Mr. Mestayer
Papillon	Mr. Andrews	Miss Grantham	Mrs. Houpt
Elliot	Mr. Muzzy	Miss Godfrey	Miss McBride
Servants		Kitty	Miss Bartlett

Messrs. Adams and Benson

Monday, Mr. Murdoch's benefit.

The manager has much pleasure in announcing an engagement, for a limited number of nights, with Mr. Finn. Due notice will be given of his first appearance.

An original comedy is in rehearsal.

THE DEATH OF THE LATE J. R. SCOTT.

Concerning the correct date of the death of the late John R. Scott, as well as his last appearance on the stage, considerable doubt has existed, and the matter has been discussed at some length in the columns of THE CLIPPER. Through the kindness of Mr. John Danagh, Jr., of Philadelphia, we think we are now able to settle definitely the date of his death, but first we will briefly recapitulate the substance of what has previously been written thereon in these columns. In our issue of Dec. 27, 1873, under the heading of Clipper Varieties, we published a copy of a bill performed at the City Museum, Philadelphia, on Jan. 22, 1856, and upon the authority of Mr. Charles P. Lamb of that city stated in the introductory remarks that Mr. Scott played Rob Roy in the first play, but was too feeble to appear in "The Adopted Child," and that "Used Up" was substituted. "That was the last time that Mr. Scott ever appeared on the stage. He died at his sister's house *March* 2, 1856." In our issue of Jan. 10, 1874, we published a letter from Samuel S. Sanford, in which he stated that Mr. Scott made his last appearance at his Opera-house on Feb. 28, 1856, acting Othello. "During that evening he took sick, excused himself and left the stage." In our issue of Jan. 24 we published a letter from Mr. Lamb, correcting certain statements of Mr. Sanford's, to which the latter replied in a letter published in our issue of Jan. 31, in which he insisted that his previous statements were correct, and appended a letter from Col. W. Delaney, Mr. Scott's nephew, from which we extract the following: "His last appearance on the stage was at your (Sanford's) Opera-house; he dressed for the part of Othello, but was taken sick and was unable to perform the part. He appeared before the curtain and made an apology to the audience. He was taken from the Western Hotel to my mother's residence on Eighteenth street below Pine, on *March the 2d*, where he died two days afterwards."

We now have before us a slip cut from *The Sun*, bearing on the obverse side the date *April* 8, 1856, which we find to have been Tuesday, from which we extract the following:

THE INTERMENT OF JOHN R. SCOTT THE TRAGEDIAN.—There was a large attendance at the interment of John R. Scott on Monday [April 7, 1856.—ED.], consisting of numerous friends and members of the theatrical profession, of which he was, until late, so distinguished an ornament. He was buried from the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Delaney.

From another paper, which Mr. Danagh, Jr., assures us was dated April 5, 1856, and from which the heading and date had been worn away by lending it so often, we extract the following:

AN ACTOR'S LAST EXIT.—Yesterday morning [Friday, April 4, 1856.—ED.] John R. Scott, well known and widely esteemed, not only for his talents as an artist, but his many noble qualities as a man, died of apoplexy, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Dan. Delaney, in Eighteenth street. He was attacked two days before, and so seriously that from the first moment no hope was entertained of his recovery.

Mr. Danagh, Jr., also refers to a copy of *The Sunday Dispatch* of April 6, 1856, which contained further information, which he lost some three months ago by loaning it to a party who failed to return it. We think the above conclusively establishes the death and burial of the late J. R. Scott.

BASEBALL.

THE PLAYERS OF 1873.

About one hundred players participated in the professional campaign of 1873, and of these the large majority were men who did faithful service to the clubs they played with. Unluckily, however, about a half-dozen proved to be black sheep in the flock, while as many more were open to the grave suspicion of dishonorable conduct in their business; and this leaven of bad material might have had the effect of bringing the whole fraternity into discredit. It is to be hoped that the lesson taught professional players and their managers by the falling-off in the attendance at the match-games participated in by the parties who were suspected of fraudulent play will prevent the recurrence of any such practices as disgraced the professional arena during the season of 1873. Honorable and faithful service is so plainly the most paying policy for a professional player to pursue, that it is very strange that anyone should be so blind to his own interests as to take the opposite course, which in the end generally leads to pecuniary loss, as well as loss of character. We are glad to see, by the letters sent in to THE CLIPPER by the more intelligent of the professional-club managers, that a determined effort will be made this coming season to rid the class of the "frauds" who have disgraced the name of professional, and to employ none but thoroughly reliable players, no matter how skillful the others may be; for in the cases of the latter their skill might be detrimental to the club employing them. During the season of 1873 some of the finest play in the field known to the annals of the game marked many of the championship contests, and a decided improvement over the play of the previous season was very generally exhibited. Should the new rule of ten men be adopted, we look for a still further advance, which there is yet room for, by the way. In reviewing the play of the season, as hitherto, we shall take up each position and comment on the players who excelled in it; and by way of beginning, we shall comment first on

THE CATCHERS OF 1873.

And first and foremost, in our humble opinion, stands James White of the Boston Club, against whose integrity of play not the breath of suspicion exists. As a player, White is remarkably active—none more so. He has a quick eye, a safe pair of hands to catch, possesses good judgment, and is equal to the best in pluck and endurance; but, above all, he stands A No. 1 as a thoroughly honest and reliable player, and he is one whose daily habits of life show that his honesty is not simply a policy, but a principle inherent in the man. Another quicky and effective catcher is Scott Hastings. Quick in action, steady and quiet in play, with plenty of pluck and endurance, he stands in his position surpassed by none in supporting good, steady pitching. McVey, too, is another good catcher who has an honorable record, a rather quick temper being about the only objection that can be brought against him; while as a player behind the bat, or in facing a pitcher he is accustomed to, there is none better. Then there is Clapp—one of those quiet, reticent fellows, always effective, and generally to be depended upon for good service. Certainly, Clapp is to be relied upon, and his Athletics have acted wisely in retaining him. The fact is, club managers commit a mistake when they allow a good, faithful worker to leave them.

The best-humored catcher of the professional tens of 1873 was Tommy Barlow of the Atlantics. Tom was under a cloud at one time; but, from an investigation of the charges brought against him, we are satisfied that they were based upon the malice of his accusers, and we believe him to be an honest player, as he certainly is an active and earnest one. He is remarkably agile in his movements, and attends to inaccurate pitching very finely. He is one of the best of the new style of strategic batsmen, and he last season earned many a first base through outwitting the pitcher by his peculiar style of making a base-hit. It was noteworthy how Tom was favored in this respect by the crowd at the Union Grounds. Whenever he made one of his patent hits—he simply allowed the ball to hit the bat—the crowd would laugh and applaud him; while, if any other club player of the out-of-town nines attempted such a thing, they would hiss him.

Craver of the Baltimore Club of 1873 is one of the pluckiest catchers in the fraternity, and an earnest, faithful worker. Gross injustice was done him by Chicago some years ago, but his honest work since then has fully offset the effects of the false charges made in that city, and no player has now a better reputation for fair dealing. Craver is good anywhere in the field, but his forte is playing close up behind the bat while facing steady pitching. He does not mind the pace a bit, so long as the delivery is accurate. The Philadelphians have made a wise selection in securing so useful a man.

Douglass Allison had no fair show last season to keep up his Cincinnati reputation, for in 1869 he had no equal. He was unlucky in getting his hands badly hurt, and also in opening play in a nine in which there was no harmony of action. As a fine catcher whose behind the bat, he is the equal of any; and with such a pitcher as Matthews to face, he will no doubt display more of his old skill than he has done for some seasons past. His deafness interferes with his ability to take all advantages offered, but this is offset by his being a steady, reliable player.

Hicks, another good catcher, was quite behind the bat during the latter part of the season, when he faced Matthews' pitching, and he won several games for the Mutuals by his catching. Dick is rather careless in his habits, impulsive in temper, and in some respects not a model player; but we think he can be relied upon for honest service, for a good, honest cricketing stock, and has a worthy man's reputation to sustain. He is strong in skillful batting, as all cricketing baseball players are.

Farrow caught well for the Resolute Club, in whose service he has done faithful work for several seasons. He is a very good catcher, and with good training, and in a regular stock-company nine, would show marked improvement.

Hicks was catcher for the Mutual Club until disabled in July, after which he was not placed in the nine again. Malone caught for the Philadelphia nine. He is said to be the wealthiest professional players. McGeary occasionally played as catcher for the Athletic nine. Snyder was the catcher of the Washington nine; but, according to his statement, he had no right to be there.

Leunon, the old catcher of the Marylands—a fine player, and a reliable one, too—did not catch regularly last season. When in training, Billy used to play up to quite a high mark behind the bat.

The above, we think, are all the players who acted as catchers in the professional arena of 1873. If we have left out any, they will please acquaint us of the fact.

One of the weak points in the play of several of the catchers of last season was the habit they had of making constant appeals to the umpire on "strikes," "called balls," and other points on which decisions are asked. Especially was this apparent in the way some would point to their bats after a strike on a fair-foul hit was made, just to show to the crowd that the umpire had erred in his decision. Now, the umpire is obliged by the rules to call all foul balls, all wides and all strikes, whenever they occur; and the constant appeals made to him to decide in such cases must naturally irritate and prejudice him against the player who makes them. The best policy is to keep quiet; or, if you do make an appeal on a ball or strike, do it silently, by simply holding up the ball as you turn to look at him. Another mistake made by catchers is that of standing up behind the bat throughout the inning. It depends greatly upon circumstances whether it is good or bad policy to do this. The chances of sharp fly-tips off the bat are but as two to five to those given for long bound-catches and for high foul-balls, and these latter are invariably rendered disappointing to the batsman by the bat. There is far too little of sharp long-throwing to second base from the catcher's position. They all aim to throw to second only when standing close behind the bat, at which time the ball is most difficult to hold.

Still, with all these mistakes of play as incident to the catching of 1873, the general play behind the bat was far ahead of that ever seen before.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP DISPUTE.

The secretary of the Philadelphia Club recently devoted a column of space to the subject-matter of the question in dispute between the Boston and Philadelphia Clubs, which the Judiciary Committee officially settled at their meeting last month. The gist of the Secretary's argument was that the alleged proof of Addy having debarred himself from the right of playing in the Boston nine in August by his playing in a Rockford Club nine in July. The whole testimony presented against Addy by the Philadelphias was no weak that it convinced no impartial reader; but in order to get the truth of the matter, we wrote to Harry Wright for his side of the story, and below we give the facts, which show conclusively that Addy had done nothing whatever by his playing in the Rockford Chicago match to affect his right to join the Boston nine, as he did. The following is Mr. Addy's sworn statement:

ROCKFORD, Nov. 6, 1873.

JUDICIARY COMMITTEE.—GENTLEMEN: I solemnly swear this statement in reference to so-called illegal games I played in between the first day of June and the first day of August, of the season of 1873. I hereby certify on my oath that the games in question were "picked nine" scrub games, having no organization whatever, and it was so understood by the captain (Tom Foley) of the other nine. No senior club, amateur or professional, has had an organization in Rockford for the season of 1873. (Signed) ROBT. ADDY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of November, 1873.

C. C. MARCH, N. P.

In addition, we give below a copy of the statement sent to the Judiciary Committee by Mr. A. N. Nicholds, the secretary of the defunct Forest City Club of Rockford.

BOSTON, Jan. 15, 1874.

GENTLEMEN: I most respectfully beg leave to certify on honor as follows: The game of baseball played at Rockford, Ill., and Chicago, Ill., during 1873, in which Robt. Addy—formerly of the F. C. B. C. of Rockford, Ill., lately of the Boston B. B. C.—played, was in no wise a regular game, nor was it intended as such, for the following reasons: 1. There was not in Rockford, Ill., during 1873 (and is not now) an organized baseball club. 2. The boys who played with Addy as his nine never practiced even one single hour together. 3. They never organized and never met together. 4. They only played for the fun of the thing. 5. There has been no organized baseball club in Rockford, Ill., since the F. C. disbanded.

I'll swear to these facts, and a hundred other baseball admirers and good citizens will do the same.

[Signed] Respectfully, etc., A. N. NICHOLDS,
Former Sec'y of the Forest City B. B. C.

The Judiciary Committee N. A. P. B. B. P.

The letter which contained the above proof, and was sent to the Committee, is as follows:

BOSTON, Jan. 16, 1874.

GENTLEMEN: In reply to the charge of the Philadelphia Baseball Club, viz: "that in the game played at Chicago between the Philadelphia and Boston Clubs the latter presented as a player *Robert Addy*, who was *ineligible*, having played with the *Rockford Club*, a regular organization," etc., we beg leave respectfully to state that there is not the least foundation for such charge, and that Robert Addy was eligible to play with the Boston Club in the game at Chicago on August 16, he not having played with a "regular organization" called the "Rockford Club" for sixty days previously, for the following reasons, viz:

1. There was no club called the "Rockford Club," in Rockford, Ill., during the past season.

2. There has been no "regular organization" of baseball players in Rockford, Ill., since the Forest City Baseball Club disbanded.

To prove this, we present the affidavit of Mr. Robert Addy, and also the statement of the former Secretary of the Forest City Baseball Club of Rockford, Ill., and trust they will be sufficient to show that the record of the Boston Baseball Club is clear of the slightest intention on the part of its officers to evade or violate any of the rules governing the National Association of Professional Baseball Players. Yours respectfully,

HARRY WRIGHT, Sec'y B. B. B. C.

To Judiciary Committee N. A. P. B. B. P.

Attest, CHAS. H. PORTER,
Late Prest. Boston B. B. Association.

THE WINONA CLUB.

The record of this champion club of Flatbush, Long Island, for 1873, is appended. Their players were as follows: Saml. S. Snook, s. s.; Wm. S. Mack, 1st b.; Adrian T. Hegeman, p.; Walter C. Longmire, r. f.; W. K. Titterton (captain), c.; Chas. T. Wall, c. f.; Geo. G. Vandewerer, 3d b.; Adrian T. Vandewerer, 2d b.; Fred. V. Dominguez, l. f.

July 17, Winona	15	vs. Progressive of Williamsburg	26
July 24, Winona	21	vs. Field	10
Aug. 7, Winona	46	vs. Progressive of Williamsburg	44
Aug. 12, Winona	38	vs. Warren of Brooklyn	41
Aug. 16, Winona	14	vs. Amity of Brooklyn, E. D.	2
Aug. 20, Winona	30	vs. Newtown of N. Utch, L. I.	10
Aug. 25, Winona	7	vs. Rosedale of Brooklyn	23
Aug. 26, Winona	22	vs. Neversweat of N. Utch, L. I.	3
Sept. 3, Winona	31	vs. Neversweat of N. Utch, L. I.	27
Sept. 6, Winona	18	vs. Field	12
Sept. 13, Winona	39	vs. Washington of Brooklyn	6
Sept. 17, Winona	14	vs. Progressive of Williamsburg	12
Sept. 20, Winona	9	vs. Rosedale of Brooklyn	25
Sept. 24, Winona	42	vs. Amateur of Flatbush	5
Sept. 27, Winona	30	vs. Washington of Brooklyn	5
Oct. 1, Winona	16	vs. Crystal of Brooklyn	17
Oct. 4, Winona	27	vs. Alna of Brooklyn	13
Oct. 11, Winona	20	vs. Contest of Flatbush	6
Oct. 13, Winona	14	vs. Crystal of Brooklyn	21
Oct. 18, Winona	40	vs. Emerald of Ft. Ha'ton, L. I.	3
Oct. 22, Winona	4	vs. Athletic of New York	12
Total	495	Total	326

It will be seen that the club won 14 games out of the 21 played.

AQUATICS.

HARVARD BOATING MATTERS.—Fifteen men, five of whom were members of last year's crew, are now candidates for seats in the University boat, and are working regularly in the gymnasium. It is expected that before the end of March the number will be reduced to seven or eight. Fourteen men are vieing with each other for the honor of rowing in the Freshmen race. There is a plan on foot at the college to establish a boat-club system similar to that of Cambridge and Oxford, Eng., and the prospect is that it will prove successful. In order to make it comparatively inexpensive, it is necessary that a large number should join the clubs. It is proposed to form four clubs, of fifty members each, and levy an assessment of $15 a year upon each member, the boats to be owned by a person letting them to the clubs, who, with an assistant, is to take all care of them upon himself. The object of dividing the club into four sets is to induce friendly rivalry and frequent races.

THE COURSE OF HARVARD, in regard to her connection with the Rowing Association of American Colleges, is thus foreshadowed in the latest issue of *The Magenta*, published at the University: "Harvard originated the plan af a general College Regatta in 1871, and she cannot with grace or honor so soon withdraw from it. And, what is most affects our college pride, Harvard must regain the boating prestige which has fallen away from her during the past four years, and this can only be done by a clear victory over all the colleges that have organized crews. After that, let her withdraw if she wishes. But that victory she *must* gain, even if it takes her twenty years, and she has to go to San Francisco to do it." This may be considered as almost settling the question of Harvard's participation in the forthcoming regatta on Saratoga Lake, which many have all along felt inclined to doubt.

AT SARATOGA.—MESSRS. R. J. Cooke of Yale, F. R. Appleton of Harvard, J. B. McKennon of Trinity, and D. Dorchester of W

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business allowed for the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnett, Annie
Arlington, May
Blande, Edith (2)
Bowditch, Mrs. Harry
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Baldwin, Mrs. C. S.
Bullock, Jessie Howard
Bernard, Mrs. Geo. W.
Bush, Dora
Blake, Annie
Breyer, Mary
Coleman, Ada (with Fanny B. Bullock)
Coleman, Alice A.
Crome, Amy
Cole, Mrs. Jenny
Castle, Blanche
Cushman, Mrs. Charlotte
Coventry, Julia S.
"C. B."
Campbell, Julia
Claripole, Ida
Claire, Minnie 3c.
D'Este's Dram. Co., Harlen
Drayton, Allie
Drummond, Charlotte
Doty, Miss L. F.
Donaldson, Virginia
Engel, Jennie
Elmore, Annie 4c.
Fontainbleau, Mlle.
Foster, Kate
Gayton, Zoe 20c.
Graham, Mrs. Nelson
Gilbert Sisters 4c.
Gray, Minnie
Oscar Howitt, Belle
Heron, Matilda
"A. B. M."
Allerup, Oie
Ala, Mr.
Anderson, Jno.
Anderson, Prof.
Ashforth, Arthur A.
Anderson, Prof. Alberti 3c.
Armstrong, A. A.
Arden, Moses
Adams, Edwin
Alexander, Jas. P.
Armstrong, B. G.
Adams, Chas.
Austin, Wm. W.
Austin, Chas. A.
Carrie
Arner, Wm. T.
Bailey, Geo. F.
Birch, Wambold & Backus
Barnum, P. T. (2)
Balayner, Antonio
Blitz, Francois
Baker & Doyle
Batchelor, Geo., or Hunky Doris
Balch, Sig. Sr.
Barnum's Museum, Manager
Barnett, Hank
Barnes, Charlie (musician)
Baker, H. D.
Benedict, J. C.
Barry, Chas. W.
Bailey's Circus, 9 Geo. J. 3c.
Buckley's Minstrels
Barron, Clarence
Booker, Harry
Boyer, Philip
Brown, J. G. (2)
Brewster, Harry (song-and-dance)
Brittingham, Sam'l
Boyd, Chas. (2)
Bernard, Al.
Baker Pete (Dutch comed.)
Benner Bros.
Baker, E.
Bell, Harry B.
Bleiver, Sylvester
Baldwin, E. (gymnast)
Brewer, W. V.
Bell, Frank
Bowron, Wm. Anthony
Bailey, Ned G.
Barclay, Fred
Booth, Edwin
Batchelor, Geo. (of Dorris & Batchelor)
Barber & Co., Mr.
Belden, Ross
Byrnes, Robt.
Colium, Andrew
Carver, W. T.
Cresswell, J. S. (2)
Cordony, Harry
Carney, J. F. (2)
Conley, Frank (2)
Chaplain, Geo. D.
Cooke, Louis E.
Campbell, Bartley (5)
Cazaman, A. R.
Carr, Wm. Geo. C.
Counlot, A. C.
Clark, Jas.
Cushing, E. L.
Cotlin, Jno.
Couldock, C. W.
Childers, Jas. H.
Cowden, Jesse
Chase, Billy (2)
Crane, S. E.
Campbell, J. H. (with Washburn)
"Cincinnatus" (of U. S. Marshal)
Chiriski, Martini
Cullen, Andy (show "biz")
Carr, Frank H. (2)
Coleman, J. W.
Crew, Gilbert C. 8c.
Charles, Jas. M.
Cleary, Ned
Colby, Chas.
Cody, W. F. ("Buffalo Bill") 3c.
Castle, Phil. 16c.
Courtrier, Carter
Coup, Wm. C. (2)
Coutrel, Frank M.
Cohan, Jerry
Davis, Charlie
Delehanty & Heginbotham
Devere, Chas. (2)
Darton, Robt.
Davis, Prof. J. L.
De Witt, Alf. (minstrel)
Delany, Wm. (musician)
Dobson, Frank B.
Dunlap, Jno. (drafts)
Delehanty & Heginbotham
Darch, Lew
Dykeman, Edward
Davenport Bros., Manager of
Dearborne, Charlie E.
Evans, Jno. D.
Eddy, Clinton
Emmet, J. K. Ilc.
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)
Eddy, Clinton, or Chapman Sisters
Everleth, Chas.
Edward's Com.
Franklin, Harry R.
Farron, T. J.
Farrell, M. F.
Farrell, M. F. (4)
Farrell & Porter (5) 3c.
Fleming, Hy.
Roderick

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Foley, Thos.
Florence, Geo. W
Fay & Keller
Foster & Dudley
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Friedericks, Alfred
Fox, Joe (with Duncombe's Min.)
Freeman, J. M.
Forbes, Chas.
Fogg, Harry
Gilder, Frank
Gardner, Chas. A.
Gibbons, Jno.
Gilmore, Col. Benj. (4)
Gaffney, Hughey
Gilmore, P. (musical director)
Guy, Sr., Geo.
Gunn, Wil. H. (3)
Gaylord, Jno.
"German Panorama" (2)
Gaylord, Willie 10c.
Grady, G. G.
Granville, Prof. D.
Garnella Bros.
Gannon, Jas. (2)
Hart, Chas. G. (2)
Hammond, J. H.
Howorth's "Hibernicas," Jno. 3c.
Howe, Geo. Chas.
Hudson, Harry B. (2)
Haines, Sy.
Howard, Langrishe & Carl
Hilliard & Skinner
Hart, J.
Hope, Jos. (tenor)
Hubbard, Sam. H.
Hart, Ryman & Allen
Harriman, "Fritzy"
Healey, Dr. Jno. E. (2)
Howard, Chas. (minstrel) 9c.
Hickin, C. B.
Hall, E. M.
Hastings, A. H.
Heywood Bros. (2)
Hasselbach, Fred. (2)
Hurdle, Harry (2)
Hatch, C. A.
Hawley, David R.
Harington, Prof. E.
Haverly, J. H.
Irwin, Selden
Johnson, G. W.
Jack, Daniel T. (2)
Jones, Thos. V. (2)
Jones, Chas. A.
Johnson, Arnold (2)
Judson, Col. E. C. Z.
Johnson & Powers 3c.
Jackley, M. H.
Kernan, Jas.
Keller, Harry
Kamerer, Max
Kelly, Jno. T.
Kelly, Jas. A.
Kellum, Sam O.
Kent, Frank (minstrel "biz") 6c.
Klark, Jesse
Klaud, Oscar
Kane, Jesse
Kelly, Jas.
Keiley, Jas. A.
Keller, H. B.
King, Jno. (elephant-keeper)
Keiley, Ed. (minstrel "biz")
Kawanda, Martinho 10c.
Leland, Matt
Lannier, W. M.
Lord, Chas. E.
Leopold, Ed.
Leavitt's Bellringers
Leavitt, Binnie (of Synagogue Min.)
Lavarnie, Frank (2)
Locke, E. A.
Lowery, C. H.
Lee, Simcoe
Lang, Jno.
Maas, Jas.
Mastin & Jeffreys
Maxwell, Fred (with Wootin)
Myers, J. W.
Mack, Ed. S.
Miner, Harry
Madden, Harry, or C. Harrison
Marshall, Wm. J. 16c.
Manning, Jno. (2)
Myers, Jno. (2)
Mason, "Hank"
Miles, Wm. G. (2)
McDonald, Geo. F.
Maginley, Ben (3)
McArthur, Prof.
Matthews, C. C.
Marts, Dick
Murray, Jno. (actor)
Murphy, Con. T.
Mills, Gus
Mannheim, The (agent)
Maretzek, Max
Marcus, Johnny (minstrel)
"Musicians" (2)
Martens, Mons. (of Martens & Co., Prof.) 3c.
Manger & Co., Prof. (3)
Milton, J. Vincent
McGee, Jno.
Murray, Jno. H.
Mayo, Frank
Moreland, A. C.
Marston, Joe P. (2) 3c.
Montford, Harry L.
Richmond, Lulu (2)
Rowell, Kittie
Richards, Pauline
Reignold, Emma
Raymond, Kate
Renta's Fem Min., Mad. (2)
Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
Satterlee, Jennie
Sylvester, Louise (actress)
Smith, Helene
Stevens, Ruby
Siles, Mrs. Jno. J.
Sanford, Elise
St. Felix, Leonora
Seddons, Mrs. Scott (2)
Swift, Sallie
St. Felix, Henrietta
Sanford, Eliza
Stone, Amy
Stetson, Mrs. Mollie
Terry, Mrs. Helen Coleman
Thomas, Rosina
Treville, Fannie
Vestvall, Marie
Whitin, Mrs. (4)
Willett, Maggie
Western, Lucille (2)
Williams, Mrs. Barney
Wells, Minnie
Wesner, Ella (5)
Ware, Mrs. Leo.
Warren, Minnie L.
West, Millie
Watts, Hattie
Waite, Emma
Waite, Nettie
Wentworth, Lottie
Wallace, Ada
Zulella, Mad.
Ziegler, Mrs. Chas.

Manson, Lem. 3c.
Muigro, Charlie
Nagle, Richard
North, Jr., R. (of Tom Thumb Co.)
Orton, Miles
Opielika, J. D. P.
O'Brien, Jno. C. (machinist)
O'Brien, Jno. (circus)
Pringle, C. W.
Perry, Richard
Poland, Tom
Pentland, C. C. (treasurer)
Phillips, Granville
Paul, C. B.
Phillips, Gus ("Goofy Goof")
Perry, Prof. H. M.
Rose, Patrick (musician)
Rubini, P.
Rogers, W. A. (of Rouse's Comb.)
Risley, D. P.
Rogers, Lorin
Rose, Jno. A. (circus "biz")
Richardson, T. E.
Raymond, Ed.
Robinson, Anton
Ryan, C. (with Dan Rice)
Rice, Master Geo. (circus "biz")
Rothwell, Tom (3)
"R." Manager (2)
Rooney, Frank
Robinson, Prof. J. C. (musician)
Ross, P.
Reily, Thos.
Raynor, Chas.
Rickaby, Jno. (3)
Richards, Prof. (man-fish)
Roberts, N. D.
Rabbath, Jr., Wm.
Randall, Johnny
Rose, Frank O.
Randolph, Jno. (drummer)
Roome, Jas. D.
Seibern, Lytton
Sykes, J.
Stevens, J. O.
Smith's Bellringing
Smith, Arthur
Stern, C. H.
Sesson, Jno.
Smith, Frank D.
Stanley, Ernest
Smith, Wm. M.
Skelley, Jos. F.
Seeley, Charlie
Sanyeal, Jno. (2)
Stafford, Elias F. 12c.
Stowell, E. H.
Shelley, Chas.
Shone, Sol
Sylvester, Jas. (gymnast)
Stewart, Geo. W.
Scallan, Fred.
Shay, Charlie (2)
Stone, Dennis
Saville, Stephen
Smith, Sylvester
Spaulding, W. P.
Scott, T. S. (Seddons)
Schuster, Jas. 3c.
Shay, Johnny (song-and-dance)
Sweet, Geo. (musicians)
Sexton, E. O. (leader)
Sanderson, Prof. M. C. (2)
Stetson Circus, Uncle Ben
Speck, Wm. J.
Toomey, Wm. F.
Turner, Jno.
Thornton, Chas.
Thatcher, C. G. (musician)
Talbott, Harry (minstrel "biz")
Tewsbury, Thomas & Heeney
Tayleure, C. W.
Tildon, Jake
Tremaine, Geo. R.
Tuttle, Jerome A.
Turnour, Alf.
Tayer, Dick
Ufiner, Frank
Vance, Hamilton
Vincent, Jas.
Villa, Sam B.
Vray, G. W.
Vernon, Wm.
White, Chas.
Weighman, Chas. (2)
Waldron, D. G.
Wagner's Minstrels, Cal. (3)
Williams, Chas. (3)
Werner, Ed.
Whitney, Jerome
Wilson, Tom
Worthington, Wm. H.
Watson, Henry
White, Archie 3c.
Ware, Geo. (3)
Wood, Harry & Bennie
Workman, W. M.
Wilder, J. W.
Walters & Co.
Warren, Morton
Williams, Jno. L. (agent)
Wood, Will H.
Woodfield, W. H.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
White, Nick
Williams, Harry (circus "biz")
Williams & Mack
Webster, Jas.
Ziegler, Sig. Chas. (3)
Zaltinkwich, Christine

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Feb. 16, '74.

Since early Saturday morning we have been wading through a sea of valentines, most of them of a very loving character, frescoed and embellished in the highest style of the painter's art. Some of them we design to frame and hang on the walls of the Academy of Design at its next exhibition; others, breathing words that burn and "vows that no heart can withstand," we shall place under our double-humped pillow at night and "dream the happy hours away."

We have already dreamed about them. Seated on a yellow heart skewered to a highly improbable fawn-colored arrow, we have been wafted to realms of bliss done in lake and blue; and there, reclining on pink mossy banks, we have basked in the sunshine reflected from the bright red faces of tan-colored houris of the Orient. Anon, we have sailed in brown shells on a green ocean to the coral caves of azure-tinted mermaids who hold high mardi-gras revels in the deep blue sea. Now we are prancing on a tiny boat, of mother-of-pearl, with but a single thwart for hearts that beat as one; and as the orange head of the lovely brown damsel rests upon our manly parti-colored bosom, a crimson father meets us at the portals of a reddish mansion not made with hands, and blesses his wayward green children. Then, happy remarks, culminating in a matrimonial tie as indissoluble as that which held the Siamese twins together, and which the medical showmen of Philadelphia are now quarreling over as they cut and slash in their reckless pursuit and love of science. Yes; our nights are destined to be blissful ones, and the scenes of those we have already described until a fresher sensation shall engage our attention. "Our Jim" is likewise the recipient of numerous favors appropriate to the season, but the meaning of which he does not clearly comprehend. One represents a Rembrandt in a blanket, cut out of a wooden block of wood. James, in his guileless innocence, wonders whether there's anything in it, whether the fair sender could have had him in her heart when she licked the two cent stamp, and forwarded the sweet epistle to its place of destination. But Valentine's day has come and gone, leaving pain and pleasure in its train, opening wounds created in the years long past, and disclosing the bitter tears, the heart-burnings, that were born of malice, envy and jealousy, in the days when the young and inexperienced knew nothing of the plots of the cute and daughters of Eve; deeds, the latter plied their arts and skill in this wicked world. And so, let us rejoice that the day has passed, that the cunningly devised bits of paper have done their worst, and that hearts and darts will have a rest for a twelvemonth.

It is true that, while amusements in New-York have but flourished with that vim which managers so delight to experience, the theatres of Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore have done a brisk and lively business; some of them, in fact, being unable to accommodate all who sought admittance. This may partially be accounted for when we state that while New York has too many theatres for her population, the number in the other cities named is comparatively very small..... Months ago we ventured to remark that the variety-element was a growing power, and that it would not be long ere this feature in show-life would find an abiding place on the stages of some of our first class theatres. Just as "we told you so," just so has it come to pass; for in addition to Niblo's, where varieties formed an attractive portion of the entertainment when "The Black Crook" held captive the hearts of men, we now find the variety artist in possession of the Grand Opera-house, the Olympic Theatre, and other places where regular dramatic performances were deemed sufficient to entertain the people in days of auld lang syne. In place of the "conscientious actor," who rescues a betrayed maiden from the tyrannical grasp of an arch fiend, we have the song-and-dance man gyrating and gesticulating and making uncalled for love to another song-and-dance gentleman who robes himself in female apparel, and impersonates the dark-eyed one. And the patrons of these places seem to enjoy the change. At the Grand Opera-house, last week, the people became very enthusiastic over the performance of the singers and dancers and acrobatic descendents of Thespis. True, every word of it. Why, we shall not be surprised to find Edwin Booth's late theatre falling into the hands of some enterprising spectacle or variety manager, and witnessing therein the "Lively Mokes" in place of the melancholy Dane! There must be a change here ere long. June. Booth has done no better as manager than his brother Edwin did. The house is a vast sink, as it were; where fortunes are sunk, but never made. Already the present manager is a heavy loser in his brief experience as director. Thousands of dollars have gone from him like chaff in the Summer breeze. No man can long stand such a drain. Edwin dropped to it months ago, and left the sinking ship. Junius will be compelled to follow suit after he has played the few star cards he has in reserve. Then what? Dare the spectacle, the variety, be predicted? The legitimate will *not* answer as a steady diet. Edwin Booth presented Shakespeare in royal garb and with scenery and appointments such as had ne'er before been witnessed here, with himself as star, backed up by Edwin Adams, Miss McVicker, and others of decided merit. Did it answer? Only for a time, a brief space of time; and then Hamlet and the ghost alike ceased to walk. Shakespeare, Booth, Adams, all have been overshadowed by the accessories, and all were swallowed up in the deluge of canvas, paint, tinsel and things. And where, to-day, is the projector of this grand place of legitimate entertainments? Bankrupt, a voluntary bankrupt! The massive theatre has passed away from him, and all that in there is. We cry for the legitimate, and when it is brought before us, it "digs superfluous on the stage." The adulterous drama suits us better—it is more in consonance with our feelings, so to speak; and, as it were, holds the mirror up to nature as it is. In a short time the future of the Boothenian folly will be decided..... A correspondent who has been listening to Brother Beecher finds much to admire in the man, as others have found before him, and in the following epigram gives one for his nob:

THE BUSY B.

While listening to H. W. Beecher,
The world-renowned high-pressure preacher,
We exclaimed, as his *tones* rose higher and faster,
"Surely here's *Brooklyn's* high toner pastor.

..... In his forthcoming Roman Hippodrome, Barnum has a great task before him when he undertakes to outdo himself, as he promises to do. But we have faith in the great showman; and as he has been to Rome, doing as Romans do, we shall expect to witness one of his little Roman games..... "Our Jim" says that the new play at Niblo's possesses great interest for the leather trade and shoemakers in particular, since it treats of a *leather*-stocking and the *last* of the Mohicans..... The world is turning upside down or downside up, we do not know which. As why? Because all the charity matinees at the Grand Opera-house on Feb. 19, G. L. Fox is to impersonate Richard III, the bloody Duke of Gloster. Wouldn't it be jolly if E. L. Davenport were to offset this by appearing as Humpty Dumpty?..... And talking about this reminds us that it has heretofore been the general custom that "charity begins at home;" but this is now shown to be a fallacy, for Augustin Daly announces that "Charity" begins at the Fifth-avenue Theatre in a few weeks..... A precious "Boone" is promised us this week by the manager of Wood's Museum, and those who desire to enjoy the inestimable opportunity so kindly offered, are duly notified to go often and early, in so far as they will also enjoy the company of a "Quiet Family," and live "Old Times" over again..... By advices from Lima, Peru, we glean the important news that an Italian, named Contrini, has a large company of parrots and parroquets that he has trained and taught to perform the operas of "Norma" and "Sonnambula." We are also requested to credit the statement that these birds had made a satisfactory debut, the performance being attended by the wealth and fashion of Lima. We do not see that it would require a very wonderful stretch of the imagination to believe this story, for some of our own opera singers are no better than parrots, trained and taught to chatter and do certain things, and there an end to the story is pushed far enough..... Caroline Richings is giving a series of costume concerts which ought to be of much benefit to *modistes*, dress-makers and milliners. There is quite a rivalry between those in the auditorium and those on the stage, some cross and illgrained wretches saying that Miss Richings and her troupe ought to pay to see the costumes exhibited by her audiences, instead of being paid themselves..... Among other attractions at the Coliseum are scenes and incidents of "Paris by Night." In this connection we might mention that THE CLIPPER frequently exhibits scenes and incidents of "New York" by Day—Charles H. Day..... A pianoforte manufacturer, whose name is Hale, advertises that he "is making 30,000 pianos for the trade at half-price; must be sold; his twelve hundred men have their families to feed," etc. This is a good thing in Hale, and his tweive hundred men will ever remember him as one of the Hale fellows well met. All Hale!..... How pleasant and how profitable it is for a theatre that is *not* doing much business to be adjacent to a theatre that is. We thought of this while passing the Union-square Theatre, where people were coming out who couldn't get in (if we may be permitted to make a pardonable bull), and who dropped into Wallack's as a house of refuge. The overflow of the one helped to give a show of vitality to the other..... Griffith's Panorama is a proper observance of the anniversary of the birth day of George, renowned as one who *could* not tell a falsehood, our managers are making due preparation. Falling on next Sabbath, the day will be celebrated on Monday following. As indicative of our desire to foster and encourage truthfulness in childhood, we thus attend some time in anticipation of the coming anniversary. Had George lived to witness the festive proceedings in his behalf, he would this day be in the enjoyment of a ripe old age..... Remarkable it is, that just as Lent is beginning, when people are *supposed* to make a clean sweep, our show managers exhibit a spirit of enterprise seldom witnessed. Something fresh and attractive is promised at almost every place of amusement, just as if managers were running a Fast race with the treasurers..... Believing that the peaceful reader has been fully inflated, we propose to fill up the mouthpiece with a

"CIGARETTE."

When Amy Stone, the spry and spicy,
Finds other subjects fail,
She pauses not, as others might do,
The drama's fortunes to bewail;
But, instead of turning her pretty nose up,
And straightway falling in a pet,
She comes it o'er some friendly critic,
And lets him "puff" her "Cigarette."

CITY SUMMARY.

"LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST" is announced as in course of rehearsal at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and this announcement is accompanied by statements by "manager, press and public," that this will be its first production in America for twenty-five years, thus falling into a greater error, claim that this will be its first performance in America. Through the courtesy of Col. T. Allston Brown, who seems to keep himself well posted on theatrical affairs, we are enabled to state that "Love's Labor's Lost" was produced for the first time in America at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, March 19, 1858, on the occasion of the benefit of Mrs. John Drew. The following was the cast: F. B. Conway as Biron; Peter Richings, Adriano de Armado; John Drew, the Clown Costard; Mr. B. Young, the Duke of Navarre; Mrs. John Drew, Rosaline; Mrs. F. B. Conway, Princess; G. C. Boniface, King of Navarre; William Chapman, Holofernes; Beach, Dumain; S. Hemple, Dull; Shewell, Longueville; A'Becketi, Sir Nathaniel; Mrs. G. G. Boniface, Katharine; Miss A. Waters, Maria; Mrs. W. Chapman, Jaquenitta. Col. Brown, who resided in Philadelphia at the time, witnessed the performance. This comedy is one of Shakespeare's happiest efforts. It is supposed by the most authoritative critics and commentators to have been one of the very earliest of his compositions. Of it Schlegel, the celebrated dramatic poet, says: "It is a humorous display of frolic—a whole cornucopia of the most vivacious jokes is emptied into it. Youth is certainly perceivable in the lavish superfluity of labor in the execution; the unbroken succession of plays on words and sallies of every description hardly leave the auditor time to breathe. The sparkles of wit fly about in such profusion that they resemble a blaze of fireworks, while the dialogue, for the most part, is in the same hurried style in which the passing of a ball is the attempt to banter each other. The young King of Navarre with three of his courtiers, has made a vow to pass three years in rigid retirement, and devote themselves to the study of wisdom; for that purpose he has banished all female society from his court, and imposed a penalty on any intercourse with women. He scarcely has he, in a pompous harangue worthy of the most heroic achievements, announced this determination, when the daughter of the King of France appears at his court, in the name of her father, and bids him fulfil his faith, to demand the restitution of a province which he held in pledge. Compelled to give her audience, he falls immediately in love with her. Matters fair no better with his companions, who, on their parts, renew an old acquaintance with the Princess' attendants. Each, in heart, is already false to his vow, without knowing that the wish is shared by his associates. They overhear one another, as they, in turn, confide their sorrows in a love-ditty to the solitary forest. Each jeers and confounds the one who follows him. Biron, who from the beginning was the most satirical among them, at last steps forth and rallies the King and the two others, till the discovery of a love-letter forces him also to hang down his head. He extricates himself and his companions from their dilemma by ridiculing the folly of the broken vow; and, after a noble eulogy on women, invites them to swear new allegiance to the colors of love. The manner in which they are tricked and laughed at by the ladies, who are also masked and disguised, is, perhaps, spun out too long. It may be thought, too, that the poet, when he suddenly announces the death of the King of France, and makes the Princess postpone her answer to the young Prince's serious advances till the expiration of the period of her mourning, and impose, besides, a heavy penance on him for his levity, drops the proper comic tone. But the tone of raillery which prevails throughout the piece made it hardly possible to bring about a more satisfactory conclusion." "Love's Labor's Lost" was produced for the second time in America at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Christmas evening, Dec. 27, 1861, after weeks of preparation, with new scenery and splendid costumes. The models were sent over to Philadelphia by John Drew, who was at that time in London. John Gilbert played Armado; John K. Mortimer, Biron; Wm. Wallis, Boyet, Mrs. John Drew, Alexina Fisher Baker, Emma Taylor, Mary Wells and Lizzie Price were also in the cast. Mrs. Charles Henri appeared as Moth. Mr. James Hayes, late of the Olympic, this city, was the scenic artist. It was played up to Jan. 10. On the 12th John Drew made his first appearance since his return from England.

A MATINEE PERFORMANCE of "The Hunchback" was given at the Union-square Theatre on Feb. 11 by the Charity Amateur Dramatic Association, for the benefit of the Free Training Schools of the Women's Educational and Industrial Society, under the patronage of a number of ladies of high social position. Mrs. Sheridan Shook, upon whom fell the chief burden of making the affair a success, acted Julia, and Mr. John H. Bird, a well-known amateur, Master Walter. The audience was large. Mr. Shook generously gave the free use of the theatre.

DAN BRYANT'S MINSTRELS gave a matinee performance on Feb. 12 for the benefit of the new church St. Cecilia, at the corner of 106th street and Second avenue.

"LED ASTRAY" is being acted in German at the Germania Theatre, Tammany Building.

AMY STONE was the star attraction at Wood's Museum during the expired week, and the well-known drama of "Cigarette" was the vehicle for the display of her abilities. Frequent comment in these columns upon the merits of both star and play precludes the necessity of any detailed review at the present time. Good-sized audiences, numerically speaking, were apparently well pleased. At the customary matinees a new musical burlesque by James Barnes, entitled "Lesai Sin, or the Slopement," in which Rollin Howard acted the dual characters of Lady Isabel and Mme. Vine, formed the chief attraction. A variety olio was given at every performance. Miss Grace Marco, serio-comic; the Leclaire Brothers, hat-spinners and acrobats; the Foster Sisters, in their specialities; la belle Emma, song-and-dance; Young Ordin, trapeze performer, who made his American debut; William E. Rolland, stilt performer; and the Watson Brothers, acrobats. On Feb. 16 John A. Stevens is to commence an engagement in "Daniel Boone," and at the matinee the Guy Brothers, Langlois, the Foster Sisters and the Watson Brothers will appear in the olio.

THE VARIED ATTRACTIONS at the Colosseum have served to amuse a goodly number of patrons, who gaze with rapture upon the beautiful picture of "Paris by Moonlight," and find much enjoyment in inspecting the scientific implements in the promenade, where may be heard the melodies of a well-trained orchestra and an electric-orchestrion. Prof. Hutchings here gives his interesting musical calculations, and a magician amuses the visitors by tricks and illusions deftly performed. In the lectorium Prof. Tobin exhibits many wonderful scientific experiments, which not only amaze, but instruct. On Sunday evening last the first of a series of special entertainments was inaugurated. "Paris by Moonlight" was on view, and a concert of sacred music was given. The net proceeds were distributed among organized charities for the poor of New York. These entertainments are to be continued until further notice, but tickets of admission must be procured at either the music stores or the box-office on week days, as none will be sold on Sundays.

THE EXCELLENT PROGRAMME offered by the management of the Grand Opera-house, commencing Feb. 9, attracted a good attendance, and materially increased the balance on the proper side of the cash account. In the old farce of "The Spitfire," now called "Jack Harkaway at Sea," G. L. Fox clearly established his claim as being a first-class comedian. His impersonation of Tobias Shortcut fairly brimmed with nocturnal humor, and he kept the auditers in the best of spirits. Mrs. C. M. Walcott, Jr., acted Emily conscientiously, and looked charmingly in her naval uniform when disguised. J. W. Jennings' impersonation of an old sea-dog, Bobstay, was artistic, and M. A. Kennedy as Lieut. Jack Harkaway was satisfactory. In a variety olio which followed, John Morris gave his "Mystic Changes;" the Wilson Brothers, pyramid somersaults, and later in the evening an amusing sketch. The other members of the company were afforded an opportunity to display their abilities in "A Night in a Strange Hotel" and "An Editor's Troubles." The auditorium has been well filled, although not crowded, during the week. The programme announced for Feb. 16 are Miss Lisa Weber and her burlesque troupe, composed of Julia Bland, Eva Hamilton, George Atkins and Harry Gwynette; the Madrigal Boys, and Miss Jennie Engel.

MISS FANNY HERRING, a popular actress, and a great favorite with the east-siders, who was warmly welcomed after a lengthened absence, and whose performance of Julian in "The Cabin Boy" gave unqualified satisfaction; Miss Maggie Nichols, whose personal beauty, of both face and form, was enhanced by a handsome toilet, and whose feats of equilibrium, in which she slack wire artist, she gave exhibitions of plate-spinning, elicited liberal applause; and "Paddy" Rooney, who reappeared after a brief absence, constituted the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's on the evening of Feb. 9. The Morelli Brothers and Miss Annie Bradion continued during the week, and performed their specialities, which have been already reviewed. Tony Pastor among his songs introduced an entirely new one, during the singing of which stereopticon pictures were exhibited. Among these were the Declaration of Independence, Washington, Washington and his Generals, Washington Crossing the Delaware, General Jackson, the Battle of New Orleans, Jeff. Davis, the Union Generals of the war, Abraham Lincoln, the Storming of a Fort by Troops under Col. Mulligan, Gen. George B. McClellan, the Emperor William and Napoleon III., Capt. Kidd aiding adieu to the crew of the Virginius, Columbia in Peace, etc. As most of these pictures and the language of the song appealed to the patriotism of the audience, it seems almost needless to remark that the applause was long-continued and vociferous. Fresh musical sketches by the Freeman Sisters, which received popular endorsement, and the sketches of "The Dutchman's Ghost," "P. O. Sam, or the Black Letter-carrier," and "The Showman's Stratagem" filled out the bill. Attendance good. At the Olympic Theatre, on the 9th inst., G. L. Davis and his School of Educated Dogs; Niles and Evans, double song-and-dance, who perform in both white and black faces; John Morris, Josie Granger and Ida Freeman.

J. F. CRATNE, as he was known at the Atlantic Hotel in the New Bowery, where he had been in the habit of lodging, was found dead in his bed some few days ago, and the body was sent to the Morgue for identification. On Tuesday the remains were identified by his brother, who resides in West Hoboken, as those of Joseph Elliffpetti. Deceased was for years engaged with a number of traveling companies. He was forty-five years of age, and a native of St. Thomas, W. I.

NELSON ALBERT WALDRON, the second son of Nelson Waldron, the stage-machinist of the Theatre Comique, died on the morning of Feb. 11, after a lingering illness. He had not enjoyed good health since he broke his leg and dislocated his ankle, over a year ago.

CHARLES H. ERWIN, the husband of the lady some time ago known in the profession as Miss Eloise Bridges, died on the morning of Feb. 11, after a lingering illness. He had not enjoyed good health since he broke his leg and dislocated his ankle, over a year ago, and his death was the result of a general breaking up of the system.

THE LAST NIGHTS OF "FOLLINE" are announced for the present week. It will be presented for the last time at the Saturday matinee, and in the evening Shakespeare's comedy of "Love's Labor's Lost" will be acted for the first time in New York City. "Charity," which is now running at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., and Alexandre Dumas' comedy entitled "Old Heads and Young Hearts," are underlined for an early production. The business of the past week was good.

MISS ROSE ETTINGE was the recipient of a benefit at the Union-square Theatre on Feb. 13, when she performed the Countess Armande Chandoce, in "Led Astray," for the seventieth time. The auditorium was crowded in every part. She received a large number of floral offerings, which were displayed upon the stage during the performance of interior scenes. The rules of the theatre prohibit the throwing or passing of bouquets from the auditorium to the stage.

THE ONLY CHANGE in the programme at Bryant's Minstrels since our last report was the revival of the familiar sketch of "A Ghost in a Pawnshop." "Cinderella" closed its eighth week on the 14th. Such a run in a minstrel hall is somewhat unusual, but the excellence of the performance warranted it. Eugene as Cinderella, Unsworth as Pedro, Bob Hart as the Baron, and Nelse Seymour and Dan Bryant as the sisters Clottilda and Frisbe, form a very strong team of mirth-makers. "The Mulligan Guards," performed by Bryant and Unsworth, with the music played by Bryant's Brass Band, has made a genuine hit. Unsworth's old-time banjo solos and songs are highly enjoyable. Attendance large.

THE AIMEE OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE are to commence a short season at the Lyceum Theatre on March 2. They leave Mexico for Vera Cruz by steamer on Feb. 14, and on their arrival here will perform at the Brooklyn Academy, March 5, Troy, N. Y., 6, Albany 7.

CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD'S troupe of "Olddo Folkes" began a series of concerts at Steinway Hall Feb. 16.

"DOMBEY & SON," with Welsh Edwards as Captain Cuttle and T. W. Keene as Jack Bunsby, and a new melodrama entitled "The Man with the Red Beard," are to be performed at Wood's Museum on Feb. 23.

DR. J. JAY VELLING is to deliver his humorous entertainments "Funny People We Meet" at Association Hall on the evenings of Feb. 16, 18, and a matinee on the 21st.

A GRAND CHARITY MATINEE for the benefit of the poor of New York is to be given at the Grand Opera-house on Thursday, Feb. 19, commencing at 1.30 o'clock P. M., when the Vokes Family and the companies of the Fifth-avenue Theatre and Grand Opera-house will appear in a combination entertainment, all having generously volunteered their services. Among the novel features to be introduced, the Messrs. Frederick and Fawdon Vokes will act as ushers, and receive any contributions for the poor; Miss Jessie Vokes will have charge of the ticket gate; Miss Victoria Vokes will preside at the bouquet stand, and the entire receipts will be given to the poor; Miss Rosina Vokes will take charge and dispose of the programmes for the benefit of the poor; and George L. Fox will sell the tickets at the box-office. The prices of admission will be $1 to all parts of the house; reserved seats in orchestra, balcony and dress circle, $1 extra; parlor chairs, $2.50; and private boxes, $20. The performances will open with the second and third acts of "London Assurance," cast as follows:

Sir Harcourt Courtley.....Mr. Charles Fisher
Max Harkaway.....Mr. H. Davidge
Dazzle.....Mr. H. Hadaway
Charles Courtley.....Mr. George Parkes
Meddle.....Mr. James Lewis
Cool.....Mr. James Peters
James.....Mr. Beekman
Lady Gay Spanker.....Miss Fanny Davenport
Grace Harkaway.....Miss Milly Conyne
Pert.....Miss Nellie Mortimer

to be followed by the Martens in Tyrolean trios, "The Belles of the Kitchen," a *pas de deux* by Betty and Emily Rigl, and concluding with the fifth act of "Richard III" with the following cast:

King Richard III.....Mr. G. L. Fox
(Who has most kindly consented to undertake this arduous role for this occasion only.)
Henry, Earl of Richmond.....Mr. Fred. Vokes
(Of the celebrated Vokes Family, who very generously volunteered to sustain the part for this occasion only.)
Duke of Norfolk.....Mr. James Taylor
Lord Stanley.....Mr. J. W. Jennings
Catesby.....Mr. J. H. Howland
Ratcliffe.....Mr. W. H. Hamilton
Blunt.....A. G. Enos [Officer.....R. Sullivan
The Ghost of King Henry.....Miss Jessie Vokes
The Ghost of Queen Anne.....Miss Adelaide Lennox
The Ghost of the Prince of Wales.....Miss Agnes Lee
The Ghost of the Duke of York.....Miss Georgie Mills

The sale of seats will commence at the Grand Opera-house on Tuesday morning, Feb. 17, and undoubtedly an early application will be necessary to secure eligible places.

MORRIS BROWN, an ex-member of the Fire Department of New York, who has been for some time seriously ill, is to have a benefit at the Bowery Theatre on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 19, when the following artists have kindly volunteered to perform: E. D. Davies, Billy Barry, Joe Lang, Frank Girard, C. F. Seabert, the Freeman Sisters, Larry Tooley, Hannah Birch, and Miss Maggie Nichols, all from Tony Pastor's; Master Barney, Sam Rickey, Miss Jennie Hughes, and Miss Alexandrina, from the Metropolitan Theatre; Charley Ford, James Roome, William Ashcroft, Johnny Pendy, Miss Della Wade, Bella Gordon and Miss Grey, from Billy Pastor's Theatre Comique, Jersey City; Patrick McGowan, the celebrated Irish vocalist; Capt. John Hussey, the well-known Mulligan Guard, who, assisted by Daniel McCarthy, a man of many accomplishments, will perform Harrigan and Hart's sketch of "The Mulligan Guards;" and the entire company of the Bowery Theatre. Frank Girard will be the stage-manager.

ALF HENDERSON of Warner & Henderson's Grand Consolidation Show is in this city.

THE VOKES FAMILY closed their engagement at Niblo's Garden on Feb. 14, having acted during the week in "Fun in a Fog" 9, 10, "The Wrong Man in the Right Place" 11, 12, and "The Belles of the Kitchen" the rest of the week. The performance commenced with the farce of "More Blunders than One," in which Miss Amy Crawford made her first appearance at this theatre, acting Susan in a vivacious and sprightly manner. The other characters were sustained by the Misses Louisa Henderson and Fanny Lee, Messrs. W. B. Gray,

...ses to write at short notice dramas, comedies, ...cenic songs, and perform literary work of all de...criptions.

THE REGULAR SPRING SEASON of the Richmond Va., Theatre, commenced Feb. 9, under the manage...ment of W. T. Fowell, with S. B. Duffield as stage...manager. Our correspondent, under date of Feb. 16, says: "The comedy of 'Ours' was produced for the opening piece to a good house. The entire cast particularly W. E. Sheridan, C. P. de Groat, H. C. Sprong, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carhart, and the Misses Prestige and Preston, gave satisfaction. Much credit is due Stage-manager Duffield for the appropriate and handsome manner in which the stage was set. 'Ours' was repeated 10, 11. 'Macbeth' was acted on the 12th, when Mr. Sheridan in the title-role, and Mrs. Carhart as Lady Macbeth, were decidedly effective. For the 13th 'Richard III.' 'Ours' was again repeated for the Saturday matinee, the company closing the week's performance with 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man.' The company, so far, appears to be the best we have had for years. Frank Mayo, supported by Rosa Rand, is announced for one week, opening with 'David Crockett,' Feb. 10."

FROM BOSTON, MASS., our weekly review of amusements is dated Feb. 15, and as appended: "'Little Emily' has been withdrawn from the Museum, receiving its final performance yesterday afternoon. Warren's benefit on Friday evening drew an immense house, the attraction being 'A Christmas Supper' and 'Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw.' 'The Stranger' and 'The Spectre Bridegroom' were given last night, and to-morrow 'Dora' and 'Cinderella' will be produced..... The only dramatic performance at the Boston took place last evening, the occasion being for the benefit of Mr. H. S. Murdoch. The bill was an excellent one, and the house was large and appreciative. 'The Chimney Corner,' with L. R. Shewell in his original specialty, 'Peter Probity, opened the performance; then came 'The Widow's Victim,' in which Mr. Murdoch repeated his remarkable imitations, so successful last week; and the old farce, 'He's Jack Shepherd,' with Mr. Murdoch as Simon Purefoy. Between the pieces Nelson Varley, the English tenor, sang some choice selections, and Dan Maguinness displayed his Hibernian warblings. The occasion was most enjoyable, and a deserved tribute to one of our most popular and talented actors. To-morrow E. A. Sothern opens in 'Our American Cousin.'..... On Tuesday evening Mrs. Dauncey Maskell gave a reading in Tremont Temple before quite a large and an apparently well-pleased audience. The lady is quite attractive in appearance, and has rather a pretty face and pleasing bearing. But her talent as a reader—or rather as a reciter, for she does not use a book—is not above mediocrity. Her delivery has an unpleasant sameness about it that becomes, after a time, monotonous. She appeared to the best advantage in the more serious selections, as her humorous ones were anything but funny. It is fair to say, however, that her audience seemed satisfied, and applauded her quite freely."

MR. J. H. STODDART, supported by his New York company, appeared at McVicker's, Chicago, on Feb. 9 in "The Long Strike" and "A Dangerous Joy." The attendance was anything but commensurate with the excellence of the general acting; and, strange to say, light audiences have predominated throughout the week. The pieces are magnificently played, Mr. Stoddart's Moneypenny and Joel being particularly brilliant effusions. "Secret Marriage" and "Americans in Paris" will constitute the bill on the 16th, which our correspondent, in her enthusiastic way, "Escaped from Sing Sing,' with Dominick Murray as the hero, was the attraction at the Academy of Music the past week. Oliver Doud Byron opens on the 16th for one week..... Miss Lucille Western, supported by W. H. Whalley, appears at Hooley's Opera-house on the 9th in 'East Lynne;' Thursday and Friday evenings, 'Oliver Twist.' John Dillon and the regular stock-company will occupy the house next (this) week..... A matinee for the Newsboys' Home was given at the Academy of Music this afternoon. Gardiner Colman has leased the free use of the theatre; his company and several other professionals also freely volunteered their services. The attendance was liberal, and a snug little sum was the result..... Manager Gardiner and lady have gone to New Orleans to be present during Mardi Gras..... Bidwell & Macdonough's 'Black Crook' company are at the Globe Theatre. Business good. The piece is splendidly produced, the specialties being first-class, comprising Baby Benson in her songs-and-dances, Jennie Benson in her clog dance, Mlle. Lupo, premiere dancer, and the Hernandez Brothers. They remain another week, to be followed by J. K. Emmet."

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., we have received the following news from our correspondent under date of Feb. 7: "Dion Boucicault's farewell appearance at the California was made on the 2d in 'The Colleen Bawn' and 'Kerry,' the audience in attendance filling all the available space of the theatre from the footlights up to the back walls of the gallery. The recents of Mr. Boucicault's two weeks exceeded those of Mr. Sothern's first two weeks by just one dollar; so Mr. Boucicault was himself the real attraction, was proven on the 3d, when his new play of 'Mimi,' which had never been acted here, was produced before an audience quite moderate in numbers. Had the merits, or rather demerits, of the play been known beforehand, one would not have wondered at the indifference displayed at its production; but as it came as a new work from the pen of Boucicault, and as a vehicle for the introduction of Miss Katharine Rogers, it was surprising that it attracted so little attention. However, its fate was deserved, for it is one of the weakest things perpetrated by Boucicault, besides being an undisguised plagiarism, in regard to several characters and incidents of two or three familiar plays, although the groundwork of the piece Mr. Boucicault awards credit, and to some extent it is undoubtedly due, to Henri Murger's 'La Vie de Boheme.' Of course 'Mimi' is extremely Frenchy, but to that less exception is taken than to its maudlin sentimentality. After the fresh and clear and grateful character of 'The Colleen Bawn,' to taste of the cloying sweetness of 'Mimi' is like forsaking honey-dew for treacle. And it was decidedly unfortunate for Miss Rogers that she was introduced in a character so liable to draw an actress into pretty affectation as that of the inexperienced and indiscreetly ungoverned Mimi. Miss Rogers, who has a fine artistic taste, however, avoided the quicksands of sentimentality that beset the character; and if she could find no opportunity to display the possession of strong dramatic power, she obtained considerate notice by a pure style and polished expression, exhibited in her method of acting. The piece was brought out under Boucicault's own supervision, and was well placed on the stage as regards scenery, and so far as it went was well acted. The cast embraced Miss Rogers as Mimi, Maggie Moore as Rigolette, Ellie Wilton as Madame d'Arbley, Mrs. Saunders as Rosalie, Emily Denin as Salope, Lewis Morrison as Maurice, W. A. Mestayer as Max, Wm. Barry as Cilcot, J. C. Williamson as Schneider, Henry Edwards as Durosel, and E. J. Buckley as Colinet. Mr. Morrison was happy in his delineation of the aspirant for Parisian life, and in the strong phases of the character his emphasis of passion drew forth judicious applause. Mr. Williamson gave another of his finished character sketches as the eccentric German musician. Miss Moore, who has vastly improved since Mr. Boucicault's advent, surprised almost everyone by the grace and freedom of her portrayal of the merry, light-hearted grisette. 'Mimi' was acted three nights and was then withdrawn for 'Leah,' which attracted a fair audience on the 6th. Miss Rogers, whose powers had been repressed in 'Mimi,' came out in a strong light by the intenseness of her acting as the passionate Jewess. 'Leah' is not a play to allow of much acting outside of the title character; but E. J. Buckley, a young actor, who was entrusted with the character of Aldabert, is deserving of favorable notice for his intelligent reading of the part and his ability to fulfil the requirements of the part. Next week Miss Rogers appears in 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' 'Hunted Down,' 'Love's Sacrifice,' 'Woman's Heart,' and 'Nine Points of the Law.' John McCullough reappears on the 16th in 'The Gladiator'..... The attendance since has increased at Maguire's Opera-house by the reappearance of Miss Susan Galton, who came tripping up to the footlights on the 2d in the sparkling operetta of 'Mons Choufleuri.' Miss Galton has emerged from her retirement with all her dainty powers freshened and brightened by the rest she has taken since the last fading character of the first vaudeville season. 'Mons. Choufleuri' was a good selection to make for her reappearance, as it is eminently fitted to display her powers, and in it she was enthusiastically received. Mons. Choufleuri' has been performed quite frequently, and in this theatre and the Athanæ, but at no time has it been better done than it was on the occasion in question. Mr. John Howson, who is an uncommonly useful actor, came forward for the first time as Mons. Choufleuri, and it is no flattery to say he played the character much better than any of his predecessors. In appearance and dress, in style and humor, he displayed the taste and intuition of an artist. The remaining characters were quite respectably acted by Alfred Kelleher, A. W. Bark, H. D. Thompson, and Mrs. Julia Melville. The operetta was preceded nightly by Byron's very amusing two-act comedy of 'The Old Story' which was received with especial favor as acted by John Howson, J. P. Burnett as Miss Jennie Lee is the principal characters. On the 9th will be produced for the first time Virginia Gabriel's operetta of 'Widows Bewitched.' During the past week Prof. O'Reardon was brought over from the Alhambra, and gave his tumbleronicon performance between the operetta and the comedy, and this increased attraction exerted some influence in bringing up the business to a fair standard..... The Alhambra, without making any especial change of programme, did a fair business with the Girards, Geo. S. Knight, Welch and Rice, Billy Sweatnam, Billy Manning, Con T. Murphy and J. G. Russell, as the principal attractions. On the 5th J. G. Russell received a benefit, when a large audience was in attendance. The Palace Amphitheatre also made little or no change of programme, but experienced a larger business than during the opening week. The performances have greatly improved, and go off with a smoothness and an eclat that argue well for the future success of the institution..... Dion Boucicault opened an engagement at Sacramento on the 4th, and has been playing to immense business in his usual characters."

FLYNN'S BOOTH commenced a week's season at Detroit, Mich., on Feb. 9, and has enjoyed full houses at his regular prices. The sad news of Mr. Booth's bankruptcy proceedings reached here the same day he did, and both the press and public have extended a sympathetic hand to him, which will not be forgotten at his benefit to-night, as all the seats are already sold..... McVicker plays Maggie Mitchell at Detroit shortly..... Lingard opens in "Led Astray" on the 16th for three nights, and on the 23d at St. Louis, Mo., for one week..... Mr. and Mrs. B. Macauley have been visiting their many friends during the past week, and were among the audience at Booth's on the 12th. Correspondence dated Feb. 13.

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS were the attraction at the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre during the past week.

LAWRENCE BARRETT and his dramatic company are to commence an engagement at Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 16.

KATIE PUTNAM, during her recent season at Wilmington, N. C., was presented by a number of her admirers with a gold watch and chain.

BAKER AND FARRON were the stars at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week. Mrs. F. B. Conway, her daughter Lillian, and Frank Roche open Feb. 16, and Oliver Doud Byron 23d.

AT HARTFORD, CT., Louise Sylvester, supported by a portion of the company at the Bowery Theatre, New York, performed in "Nip" Feb. 10; Johnny Thompson in "On Hand," 11; E. L. Davenport in "Damon and Pythias," 13.

MISS BLANCHE DE BAR is still confined to her residence in Philadelphia by reason of severe illness.

AT THE JERSEY CITY THEATRE an excellent business was done during the past week. This week the dramatic company from the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., is to perform there.

THE SELDEN IRWIN COMBINATION performed during the past week at Marshall, Texas.

FROM BALTIMORE, MD., we have the following report of amusements from our correspondent, dated Feb. 14: "Although there appears to be a lull in things theatrical at present, yet the attendance at our theatres during the past week, if not overflowing, was comfortably large. Miss Carlotta Leclercq made her first appearance at the Grand Opera-house on Feb. 9 in 'The New Magdalen,' in the role of Mercy Merrick. In her style of acting Miss Leclercq has trodden somewhat outside of the beaten path generally taken by emotional artistes, in which step she is fully justified by her innate power and developed talent. Mr. H. H. Wood, who was a member of the stock at the old Holliday three or four years ago, made his reappearance in the part of Julian Gray, of which he presented a good interpretation. Mr. W. H. Southard acquitted himself successfully as Horace Holmcroft, and Miss Alice Wyndham as Grace Roseberry is to be similarly credited. 'The New Magdalen' was repeated the 10th, and on the 11th and 12th 'Fate' was presented. In this play Miss Alice Brooks distinguished herself by her very finished and effective impersonation of Juno Temple, the fascinating schemer. The rest of the cast also met with good treatment, but mere especial mention is due to Miss Jennie Clifford, Mrs. G. C. Germon, Charles Stanley, W. H. Burton, Charles Herbert, H. A. Webber and W. H. Southard for their meritorious personations. On the 13th and 14th 'Pygmalion and Galatea' was given; Saturday afternoon, 'Fate.' Miss Leclercq and Mr. Wood go to the Walnut, Philadelphia, on Feb. 16, for two weeks. Mr. Wybert Reeve opens here on the same date, and Frank Chanfrau on the 23d..... Mr. Joseph Murphy opened at the Front-street Theatre on Feb. 9 in 'Maum Cre,' impersonating four characters, and eliciting most enthusiastic applause. Mr. Murphy's talents are too well known to require comment here. The residue of the cast was, all in all, satisfactorily filled, the more prominent parts being sustained by G. R. Edeson, S. K. Chester, G. B. Radcliff, Ed. F. Barnes, Alf. McDowell, the Misses Annie Chester, Sallie Partington, Mollie Demar, Minnie Oscar Gray, Laura Le Claire and Annie St. Clair. The drama was handsomely mounted, the representation of a ship being especially fine. It is noticeable that of late more attention is paid at this establishment to elaborate scenic display. On the 12th 'Maum Cre' was superseded by 'Help,' which was also presented in a commendable manner. The arrivals in the variety department were the two Walhalla Brothers, who executed a first-class acrobatic act, and manifested considerable deftness in hat-spinning; Mlle. Zitella, a dashing and popular change vocalist; Miss Ida Burt, a pretty serio-comic singer; and Mlle-i-ne, a Chippewa chief, who gave an interesting exhibition of some of the characteristics and practices of the noble red man, consisting of arrow-shooting, war-dancing, yelling, etc. Other noteworthy features of the olio were Sam Devere's song, banjo obligato; fancy dances by the Rommelsberg Sisters and Emma Truman; and songs-and-dances by Lester and Allen. Prof. Julian C. Reinhardt deserves credit for his able administration of the musical department. The departures on Feb. 14 were Jos. Murphy, the Walhallas, Ida Burt, Mlle-i-ne and Lester and Allen. For the 16th are announced Harris and Carroll and Frank Gibbons. Sam Devere is to have a benefit on the 19th."

A WALKING GENTLEMAN is wanted by Felix A. Vincent, who advertises.

T. G. RIGGS closed a two weeks' tour through the Canadas, under Mrs. Holman's management, on the 7th inst., and was at Montreal the past week.

T. J. HERNDON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY began a season of thirty nights at Hamilton, Ont., Feb. 11.

LILLIE ELDRIDGE is to commence an engagement at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 23.

CARL SAUERBREY is fulfilling a star engagement of two weeks' duration at the German Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y.

M'GINNIS GEM COMEDY CONSTELLATION was at Shawneetown, Ill., Feb. 13, 14. Route: Mt. Vernon, Ind., 16, Evansville 17, Henderson, Ky., Cairo, Ill.

FANNY HERRING and company are to perform at Peru, Ind., Feb. 16, Lafayette, 17, 18, 19, Kankakee 20, 21.

MARIUS TURCK began an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, on Feb. 10, Miss Florence Webster taking a benefit on the 12th. Miss Nellie Morton and W. A. Gregston will be the stars.

THE STOCK COMPANY from the Opera-house, Providence, R. I., are to perform at Fall River, Mass., during the week commencing Feb. 23.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE at Joliet, Ill., was dedicated on Feb. 2, John E. Owens and a dramatic company under the management of Theodore Hamilton, the programme being "The Victims" and "Solon Shingle." We append the following description of the building:

The edifice is located on the corner of Chicago and Clinton streets, having a frontage on the former of 66ft., and on the latter of 150ft. It is three stories high, with a Mansard roof. The building is of the ornamented Italian style of architecture, and the outer walls are of stone, the two fronts being faced with blue limestone in two tints. The first story of the building is devoted to stores, a private entrance to the stage, and the main entrance to the theatre, which is covered by a porch from Chicago street. The main entrance is through three doors into a spacious stairway, 12ft. wide, opening into a spacious vestibule, from which a number of double doors, covered with morocco, lead to the lower portion of the house, while access may be had to the dress circle by two flights of stairs. The lower floor is divided into a parquet and parquet-circle, separated by a neat railing. There is but one other tier, which is supported by rich Corinthian columns, and has the patent Koechling chair, upholstered in scarlet morocco. There are neat private boxes on either side of the proscenium arch. The proscenium is 30ft. wide by 30ft. in height. The stage is 63ft. by 42ft., and is fitted up with all modern improvements. There are a number of good-sized dressing, property, and other rooms of easy access from the stage. Large toilet-rooms are located in various parts of the building. To guard against fire there are several fire-pugs at convenient points in the building, and precautions have been provided in case of a panic or accident. The building is heated by furnaces, and has a seating capacity for 1,000 persons. A patent sun-burner is to be introduced in the theatre, the curtains, and the ceilings and walls are to be elaborately frescoed next season.

MUSICAL.

GEORGE BOWRON, leader of Buckley's Minstrels, on a recent visit to Boston, Mass., was presented by his many friends there with a solid gold cornet.

W. W. FOWLER, agent of the Berger Family of Swiss Bell-ringers, was taken ill with the dramatic fever at Huntsville, Ala., on Feb. 1, and at our latest advices was not improving. Mrs. Berger remained to take care of him. Charles H. Pratt, assistant agent, is now advertising the troupe, which performed at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 11, Clarksville 12, Hopkinsville 13, Owensboro 14, and will be at Knoxville 16, 17, Greenville 18, 19.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY of singers are to give a concert at the New Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, on Feb. 20.

L. PERCY WILLIAMS, harmonica player, left the Alleghanians at Dunville, Ont., on Feb. 7, and he has accepted engagements to play in variety theatres.

THE NEW CONCERT HALL of the Germania Maennerchor Society of Baltimore, Md., was dedicated on the evening of Feb. 11 with appropriate ceremonies, consisting of a prologue, spoken by Mr. Wm. Wiegand, a prominent member of the organization; a concert by the active members; an address by E. L. Witthaus, Esq., the president; and, finally, a grand ball. An immense concourse was present, principally ladies. The concert hall is in the rear of the clubhouse of the society. Nos. 192 and 194 West Lombard street. It is rectangular in shape, and will seat, inclusive of the gallery, which occupies but one side and faces the stage, about one thousand persons. The stage is 28 feet deep and 36 wide, and has four dressing-rooms attached. The arrangement of the hall is tasty and elegant. It is understood that it is to be let for concerts, balls, lectures and similar entertainments. The Germania Maennerchor numbers about seven hundred members. Prof. Carl Lenschow is the musical director. On the evening of Feb. 14 an entertainment was to be given under the auspices of the French Benevolent Society, consisting mainly of the English comedy of "The Trysting Tree" and Offenbach's operetta "Mons. Choufleuri."

PROF. JOSEPH NOHLES, leader of orchestra and brass band, advertises for an engagement.

THE SUNART GRAND MUSICAL SOIREE gave another concert at Pike's Opera-house, in that city, on the 10th. The attendance was large, and the concert a pronounced success.

A THIRD MATINEE CHAMBER CONCERT is to be given at College Hall, Cincinnati, by Otto Singer, Carl Brand, Michael Brand and Henry Elch, assisted by Miss Emma Heckle and Robert Lehman.

AT A BENEFIT CONCERT to Mrs. Edward Hoffman at Providence, R. I., on Feb. 12, the following talent appeared: Mrs. Hoffman, Miss Julia Safford, Addie Ryan, D. W. Reeves, H. C. Barnabee, Master George Lomas, a pupil of Ed. Hoffman and Mr. Hoffman, House good. Entertainment ditto.

"THE MULLIGAN GUARDS" has become so popular that Pond & Co. have published nine different arrangements of it.

JOSEPH TAYLOR, who advertises, wants to engage an orchestra and a band leader who can play E flat cornet and violin.

MISS KELLOGG'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY completed a very successful engagement at the Brooklyn Park Theatre on Feb. 14. They opened on the 9th with "Lucia" to a full but not crowded house, Miss Kellogg appearing in the title-role, assisted by Habelmann and Carlton. On the 10th Madame Fanchon Thompson Cragg made her first appearance at the Park Theatre as Nancy in "Martha," but she had a severe hoarseness, and Madame Lichtmay was called upon at short notice, and she sang the music finely. It was the night of the Charity Ball at the Academy, and the attendance at the opera was very small—not half a house, in fact. Mr. Maas was the tenor of the occasion, and Mrs. Seguin as Nancy bore off the honors. On the 11th the house was crowded to see Miss Kellogg and Madame Van Zandt in "The Marriage of Figaro," Mr. Peakes singing the role of Figaro. On the 12th there was another crowded house to see Miss Kellogg in "Faust," Messrs. Peakes and Habelmann respectively performing the roles of Mephistophiles and Faust. On the 13th "Maritana" was presented with Wilfred Morgan as Don Cæsar and Madame Van Zandt as Maritana, the house being full. At the matinee on the 14th there was a rush to see Miss Kellogg in "The Bohemian Girl." The best performance of the week was that of Saturday night, when "Fra Diavolo" was given, with Madame Van Zandt as Zerlina, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin as Lord and Lady Allcash, and Mr. Morgan as the Brigand Chief. Peakes' Beppo, in both make-up and acting, was excellent. Madame Van Zandt was in fine voice, and she divided the vocal honors of the week with Miss Kellogg. Mr. Frank Howson directed the instrumental music of the operas, and the concerted pieces during the week were very well rendered. The company, dramatically, is not a strong one by any means.

AT BATCHELDER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sturm and Mlle. L. Dovel were the new faces during the past week. "La Perle de L'Alsace," an operetta-bouffe by Herve, was the chief feature of the programme.

THE VOCAL UNION of Philadelphia, under the direction of Mr. William Wolsieffer, gave their second concert this season on the 12th inst., at Musical Fund Hall in that city.

A BAND LEADER and leader of orchestra can be engaged for the season of 1874. Address D. and M., care of this office.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC can be had of Ch. Christrup, whose card is in another column.

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, composer and arranger advertises for an engagement.

THREE MUSICIANS—an E flat cornet and violin, a B flat cornet, and a bass player—can be engaged by circus managers. Address Cornet-violin, care of this office.

A SECOND VIOLINIST, who can play bass, is wanted for the Agnes Wallace Troupe. See advertisement.

THE SECOND WEEK of opera at the Boston Theatre was more successful than the first. On Monday "Trovatore" was given to a large audience, Nilsson singing Leonora. On Tuesday, Maurel made his first appearance, the opera being "Ernani," and his role Don Carlos. His reception was most cordial, and his success unqualified. In consequence of the hoarseness of Campanini, his role of Ernani was assumed at short notice by Signor Boy, who acquitted himself very creditably. On Wednesday "Martha" was given, and "Don Giovanni" on Thursday. "Aida" was repeated on Friday, and at the matinee "Lucia," with Nilsson, was sung.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS and Novelty Troupe drew a large audience at the Town Hall, Brandon, Vt., on Feb. 11. In the afternoon a sleighing party of one hundred students from the Military School at Rutland dined at the Brandon House, and by request Spaulding's Ladies' Cornet Band, led by Georgie Dean Spaulding, performed several very fine airs, which were greeted with three cheers and a tiger. In the evening the troupe was invited to a grand masquerade party, and, all in all, the Bellringers had a very enjoyable visit at Brandon. Route: Champlain, N. Y., 16, St. Albans, Vt., 17, Milton 18, Montreal, Canada, 19, 20, 21, Burlington, Vt., 23.

CHARLEY HARRISON'S CONCERT TROUPE, which was at Clarbance, Ill., Feb. 11, Clifton 12, Gilman 13, Piper City 14, will be at Chattsworth 16, Gibson 17, Paxton 18.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE ORPHEUM, KANSAS City, Mo., which has been redecorated and renovated, will be opened on Feb. 28, and performers engaged are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

LIZZIE STEMPLE, skipping-rope jig dancer, has been re-engaged at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., where she can be addressed.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Columbus, O., has passed into the management of Harry Wilton, Jimmy Emerson & Cincinnatus. The new appearance for the week commencing Feb. 9 was Miss Hattie Rogers, serio-comic vocalist. Ricardo Freary and Miss Nellie Southgate, in a sketch entitled "Love made easy," were announced. Miss Kay Arline. Fred. Harris, Fannie Florence and Helen Revere were heralded to appear on Feb. 16. This establishment changed hands during the past week, Mr. Joseph Raiber having disposed of his lease and all the appurtenances of the house, for the sum of $10,000, to Mr. Charles Arecke, a well-known and popular young gentleman in business in this city. Many changes and improvements are contemplated, and a new and very stiff broom will be used. Mr. Grund assumes charge on Feb. 16, and the formal opening under the new regime is to take place on Feb. 23d. As but positive to say, it is understood Mr. M. Castine will remain at his post, like Casabianca, when all but him have fled..... Mr. Harry Weeks and Miss Annie Clare, who are both at present in this city, were united in marriage on Jan. 17, at Harrisburg, Pa., by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton. The wedding was a most quiet affair, and all who saw her on this occasion appeared charmed with the little lady. She expects to open in Troy, N. Y., about March 1. Agnes Sutherland, the Henri Family and Robert V. Ferguson open Feb. 16. On the 14th the Warren Sisters closed, going to Grand Rapids, also Madame Lopez and family. Correspondence dated Feb. 12.

VARIETY HALL is wanted for the Grand Central Garden, Savannah, Ga. Address the proprietors, as per advertisement.

THE GIRARDS publish a card in another column, stating that after fulfilling engagements at Sacramento, Virginia City, Salt Lake, New Orleans, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston, they will leave for Europe; but, after a three months' vacation, they will return to the States for the Fall and Winter season, when they will introduce a new sensational specialty.

ARTISTS of all kinds are wanted for Lane's Varieties, Rochester, N. Y. Address John R. Lane, as per card elsewhere.

GUS KARRICK, a variety performer and musician, died at Sacramento, Cal., on Jan. 22, at the age of 27 years.

THE GRAND CENTRAL GARDEN VARIETIES, Savannah, Ga., is reported as doing a good business. Charles Seiler is the proprietor, and is assisted by Laiscell & Dobson, managers; Prof. Kom. leader of orchestra; and W. Sinclair, treasurer. The company includes the Misses Frankie Bates, Dalla Benson and Minnie Everhart; Messrs. Billy Vincent, the Laiscell Brothers, Charles E. Dobson, and Miles Sweeny.

THE ONLY FRESH ATTRACTION at the Washington Varieties, Providence, R. I., the past week, was Florentine's Hindoo Box Mystery, which has served to considerably increase the business. The trick is similar to the one recently exhibited in this city.

MISS PATTI ROSA was the only new appearance at the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 9, but an entire change of programme was given, and attracted large audiences. Miss Rosa created a favorable impression on her opening night, and has steadily gained in favor. Smith and Waldron appeared in a song-and-dance entitled "Sunlight of My Soul," the music of which is very sweet. Ella Heflin was deservedly applauded for a meritorious jig. The vocal gems of Jolly Mayo were well received. George Brown and Mlle. Emma appear on the 16th. No departures..... The forces at the Louisville Theatre were augmented on the 9th by Mlle. Garretta, J. W. Eagan, Hughey Hagerty, Boyd and Scott—minus Boyd—and Sig. Monte. Mlle. Garretta appeared in an act on a revolving globe, in which she was very successful. Eagan is a very fair Irishman, but his line has been overdone here. Hagerty's songs are new, his singing good, and he has created a good impression. Scott appeared in a song-and-dance, and received several recalls. Sig. Monte's cloud-swings at the evening and Tony and Lizzie's comical operators, with a silver goblet, a chain and a pair of bracelets, for singing for them "Down in a Coal Mine."

THE FEATURES the past week at the Dominion Theatre, Montreal, Canada, were Hall's Minstrels, made up chiefly from the regular company; Hattie Ellis and her trained dogs; and Belle Gordon, song-and-dance.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Jackson, Mich., has collapsed, and all the performers were minus a week's salary.

THE ADDITIONS to the company at Newton's Varieties, Hartford, Ct., on Feb. 9 were Johnny Bartley, bone soloist; Joe Mack, Frank Clark and R. W. Smith, Ethiopian comedians; Fanny Duane, serio-comic vocalist, and Annie Mack, statue artist. The only departures were Thomas and Heeney for Newark, N. J. The announced for the week are John E. Taylor, Joseph Sanford and Fanny Morello.

BUSINESS CONTINUES GOOD at Fred Meyer's Opera-house, Wilkesbarre, Pa. The company comprises Frank Carlton, James Roland, Billy Ray, Maggie Stanley, Willie Ray, Nellie Forrester, Nellie Ryland and Mlle. Sadie Smith. Joe Johnson opens next week.

BUSINESS HAS BEEN GOOD the past week at Diefenbach's Varieties, Scranton, Pa. The attractions were Harry Fox, Frank Harrison, Fulton Meyers, Annie Rochfort, Kate Moreste, and Maggie Clair. On Feb. 16 Johnny Burton and Nellie Forrester appear.

LING LOOK, magician, and Yamadiva, contortionist, who are at present performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., open at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., on March 2.

CHARLES CHRISDIE'S PANTOMIME TROUPE is engaged this week at Aims' American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., but will be at liberty Feb. 23. See advertisement.

LINA EDWIN and Bland Holt, whose address is in another column, are at present engaged at the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PAUL FALK advertises for a lady trapeze performer or acrobat for the Tivoli Theatre, this city.

THE OPENING OF THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., proved to be one of the most noted events of the present theatrical season. Our correspondent, writing on Feb. 13, says: "As nothing has been said in THE CLIPPER relative to this place of amusement, I will briefly refer to its career up to this time. The opening occurred on Feb. 2, when the house was not only packed throughout, but it is estimated that at least 500 people were turned away, not being able to obtain even standing-room. The attendance has been unusually large, every seat being occupied every night, and the matinees being densely crowded. Thursday evening, Feb. 12, was the first devoted to a lady audience, and the audience was among the finest witnessed in this city for many a day. The salient features of the present week's bill are as follows: 'Peculiar Box and Cox,' J. H. Rennie, Fred. Woodhull and Harry Blood appearing in the cast; 'Oh, Come Along, Mosee,' by Geo. and Chas. Reynolds, Billy Barry and Charley Howard; pas seul by Mlle. Geraldine; Celia Beltram in sentimental ballads; Carrie and Frank Lavarnie in character sketches; Chas. and Carrie Austin in their lightning musket-drills; serio-comic songs by Miss Frankie; Alex. Davis in his ventriloquisms, introducing his midgets, Sam, George and Grandfather Davis; the Reynolds Brothers in their specialties; the Leon Brothers in musical and acrobatic extravaganzas; Willis Cobb and his educated dogs and goats; Little Jack Darvin; classic groupings on the trapeze by Leopold and Geraldine; and concluding with Charlie Howard's drama, entitled 'After the War,' with Charley Howard, T. J. Langdon, Billy Rice, George C. Davenport, Chas. Reynolds, Geo. Howard, Little Annie Hamilton, Blanch Lumley, Leonor Bradley, Ada La Mont and Geo. Reynolds in the cast. Where there is so much excellence and all doing so well, we will not individualize. Leopold and Geraldine have been re-engaged for another week. Louise Boshelle, Henry S. Page, cornetist; Lulu Delmay, Blanche Selwyn, Ida Frankie, Jennie Morgan, and Ida Idelio, are underlined for the 16th. Charles and Carrie Austin close on the 14th, destination Mitchell's, St. Louis..... The Theatre Comique presented the following new people on the 9th: Julia Smith, Gussie Keating, Ada Montrose. The two last named suddenly withdrew on Wednesday evening without notice. Clara Gladstone has created a pleasing impression by her well-rendered ballads and fine appearance. Baker and Doyle are clever double song-and-dance artists, taking finely with the boys. The other old favorites, including Ella La Rue, Mike Kanane, Thos. McIntyre and Willie Zoe, are nightly received with warm greetings. Florence Walla, Ada Whiting, Ed. Rankard and others, whose names are not given, appear on the 16th. Ella La Rue closes on the 14th, going to Denver, Col.

CANTERBURY HALL, Buffalo, N. Y., will not be opened until March 2, and a few lady performers are wanted. See card.

PITTSBURGH, PA., advices up to Feb. 13 are as appended: "The drama of 'Yacup' was presented at Fred. Aims' American Theatre on the 9th, Mr. Geo. W. Thompson acting the principal character, that of Yacup Holtz Muller. The rendition was good, and the gentleman's efforts served to keep the audience in a happy mood. The rest of the cast consisted of E. D. Gooding, Valentine Love, Charles Harrington, James Donglas, Johnny Reese, Richard King, Harry Austin, C. Graham, Nellie Maskell, Flora Benton and Minnie Grey. Sheridan and Mack, Zegrino and Moulton, and Young Ajax were the fresh appearances on the 9th. Sheridan and Mack were seen to their usual advantage in the sketches. Zegrino and Moulton are more than ordinarily clever in their line of business. Moulton's aerial flights were daring and neatly accomplished, and Zegrino's "Salamander Leap" was an intrepid and effective act. Young Ajax is a fine contortionist, and his performance won deserved applause. Minnie Grey, Lola Mattice, Sadie O'Neil, Emily Maynard and the Gnirados gave their specialties in conjunction with the attractions presented by the recent arrivals. Attendance liberal..... Mlle. de Granville, J. C. Murphy, John Shay, Miss Mollie Devou, Messrs. Gilday and Ginnever, and the Mocholla Brothers were the new people appearing at the Varieties Theatre on the 9th inst. The iron-jaw performances of Mlle. de Granville met with a just recognition, being generally applauded. Mr. Murphy gave a bone solo, which merited and received general approbation. Mr. Shay did what is called a rubber song-and-dance, and he was thrice recalled. The act was novel and meritorious. As a song-and-dance lady, Miss Devou was acceptable. Messrs. Gilday and Ginniven are clever artists, and their efforts were rewarded with repeated encores. The week's bill was the box mystery, performed by the Mocholla Brothers. The preliminary arrangements and the properties employed for the final accomplishment of the trick have been, I believe, fully described in previous issues of THE N. Y. CLIPPER. The audience was much delighted with the success of the trick, and mystified by the *modus operandi*. An enjoyable feature of the programme was the Plantation Minstrels, introducing old-time songs and sports. Messrs. Fox, Carl, Murphy, Kernell and Shay were the conspicuous participants in the act. Audience good. The Morosco Family and San Devere are billed for the 16th..... Miss Lizzie Johnson, Miss Eva Loretta, Miss Minnie Hasson, la petite Lillie and Happy Dave McCoy made reappearances at the Oxford on the 9th. The Female Minstrels open the show, afterwards there is an olio performance given by Lizzie Johnson, Maggie Bowers, Tom Williams, Wally Newbold, Clara Moore, Eva Loretta, Jim Flake, Dave McCoy, Minnie Hasson and la petite Lillie, the whole concluding with 'A Woman of a Few Words,' characters by the company."

AT WHITE'S OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., business has been good, it being the only variety hall open in the city. The company at present consists of Mlle. Rosa, Adelia Wallace, Clara Siddell, Lottie Le Monde, Lillian White, Christie Morrell, Millie Sallie, Nellie Irene, Lizzie Renoir, Frank Steele, Albert S. Casper, Johnny Max, Billy Williams and Little General. Lottie Le Monde opened on Feb. 9, and was favorably received. She does a very clever song-and-dance. For Feb. 23 there are underlined Amy Loyd, Cora Cushman and Mons. Louis Dovic.

JOHNNY MORAN and Jennie Pool were the new arrivals at Laramie's Varieties, Wheeling, W. Va., the past week. John Martin, negro comedian, and Jennie Turner are the latest departures. Miss Ella Brown, having fulfilled her engagement, has retired from the stage for a short time. Kit Carson, Dutch comedian, is a big card. Ricardo Freary and wife and Lou West and wife are underlined. The attractions draw good houses.

AT LANE'S VARIETIES, Rochester, N. Y., a satisfactory business was done the past week. The following are announced to appear on Feb. 16: Gertie Ormand, George Wray, Wannetta Craven, Dan Mason, Lizzie Robinson and Jack Noon. The following closed Feb. 14: John and Ida Brandt proceeding to Buffalo, Niles and Evans to Tony Pastor's, New York; Mlle. Selena to Sykesville, Pa., and Jennie Bell to Buffalo.

BUSINESS HAS CONTINUED FAIR at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O., since our last report. Lew and Frank Collins, May Fielding and Annie Clark opened Feb. 9. The Collins Brothers are fine song-and-dance artists, and they also do a well-received clog. May Fielding is the serio-comic, also character songs. Annie Clarke is an old acquaintance, and receives much applause..... A matinee and an evening entertainment were given at the Opera-house, Feb. 11, to good houses and highly-pleased audiences. Miss Viola Cordingley from the Bijou, Troy, and Miss Lulu Francis from Saginaw. The first-mentioned has an attractive wardrobe, and made a decided hit. Miss Francis displayed some new dresses. This was the

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NAPIER MESSENGER, Send your address to A. FULTON, 47-1t* Postoffice, Wakefield, Clay Co., Kansas.

FOUL ARREST OF DR. S. M. LANDIS.—Miss Lucinda M. Webb of Clinton, Ia., applied to me to be educated for the stage, and begged to obtain the position as heroine in my new drama, "The Social War of 2000, or Conspirators and Lovers," the plot of which play is laid rather heavily on the corruptionists, in Chicago, Ill., and in Philadelphia, my home. The heroine paid me her tuition in advance, as all my pupils have done for 26 years, but in 24 hours she fell into the hands of my enemies, who discouraged her, and without notifying me a warrant was issued, and I was bound over to appear at court in $1,500, for false pretense. She has fled, and in four days I was discharged. Can't blackmail nor secure me as a fair girl contract. SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D., 18 N. 6th st., Philadelphia, Pa. 47-1t*

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